

# THE ARISTIDEAN.

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FOR NOVEMBER, 1845.

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ART. I.—SIMON BOLIVAR.

AT the schools, we were taught to look upon history as a record of facts; and should any argument occur, the simple opinion of this great oracle of truth, was considered conclusive. Time, travel, and the research of matured reason, have altered our views on this subject, and riper judgment, enraged at youthful credulity, had almost gone over to its antipodes, skeptical unbelief. Virtue rarely lies in either extreme. Skepticism may be carried too far—caution, however, cannot; and the mind that receives historical narration as truth, without a proper exercise of reason, is, in our opinion, not only too credulous, but contemptible. What is history—and who are historians? We know what history should be—but historians are men, and men are human: and the world's experience teaches us the lamentable truth, that talents, virtue, even reason itself, have a thousand times yielded to the blinding and corrupting influence of prejudice and self-interest. Example is the best argument. The daily newspaper is a history of passing events. Who, but an imbecile, places entire confidence in its statements? A thousand causes conspire to dethrone truth. Since, therefore, we cannot without difficulty, gain a correct account of events, occurring in our own times, almost before our eyes, and with a cloud of witnesses, how much more caution is necessary, where testimony is scarce and doubtful. When we consent to receive the statements of a history, as altogether true, that history shall have been written by a divine pen—its author an angel, or the ALMIGHTY himself.

Keeping these premises in view, and discarding the opinions of the biassed biographer, we proceed, with as little prejudice and as much power as we are possessed of, to examine the conduct, and, if possible, establish the true character of him, who has become world-renowned as the "Liberator of SOUTH AMERICA." We shall view it in

two lights, by inquiring in how much he was a soldier, and in how much he was a patriot.

SIMON BOLIVAR did not receive a military education. His life, up to the age of fourteen years, was spent in his native place, CARACCAS. At this time he was sent to MADRID—like the sons of most of the wealthy Caraguins—to complete his education, and to see the European world. MADRID, at that date, 1797—was a bad school, in which to learn lessons of liberty; but the young BOLIVAR, after finishing his course of studies, consisting of classics and jurisprudence, with the accomplishments befitting a gentleman of the age, obtained a passport to travel through FRANCE, GERMANY, ENGLAND and ITALY, and returning to MADRID in 1802, was married at the age of nineteen. BOLIVAR's only brother had died young, leaving him with his two sisters, the sole heir of a princely fortune. This, together with the veto placed upon the promotion of Creoles in the Spanish army, no doubt, precluded the idea of his becoming a soldier. He seems to have taken no interest in military affairs, until his appointment to the commission of lieutenant colonel, by General MIRANDA, in 1811. He was then in his twenty-eighth year.

The first movements of the Venezuelan revolution occurred on the nineteenth day of APRIL, 1809. Some time after, the patriotic junta having conferred upon BOLIVAR the rank of lieutenant-colonel, despatched him, in company with his friend, Don LUIS LOPEZ MENDEZ, on an embassy to LONDON. Now the fact of his being sent on a diplomatic mission, at this crisis, by those who were well acquainted with his character—for many members of the junta were his personal friends—proves that they had more confidence in his civil, than his military talents. Moreover, after the expedition against VALENCIA, in which BOLIVAR accompanied General MIRANDA, the former was entrusted with the command of the fortress of PUERTO CAVELLO, which, though a station of much importance, nevertheless, offered but a poor field for the exhibition of military talents. The fall of PUERTO CAVELLO, and its unfortunate consequences to the revolution, are well known. It is a cloud resting over the early career of the great military leader.

From these and many other circumstances which we could quote, it does not appear that BOLIVAR's companions in arms—previous to his exploits on the Magdalena in 1813—had any very exalted opinion of his military talents. Here, for the first time, did they begin to develop themselves, and in fact, the appointment of BOLIVAR to the command of the small town of BARRANCA, by the New Grenadan Congress, in the year 1813, may be dated as the commencement of his glorious career. He was now exactly thirty years of age. Most of his early life had been spent in gaiety and pleasure—notwithstanding the assertions of certain historians, who have tried to prove him sage, as well as soldier; and here—exiled from his country—surrounded by enemies, whose oppression of the wretched and conquered inhabitants engendered on all sides feelings of patriotism and revenge—the resources that might have supplied his folly cut off—he felt, not only the necessity, but the possibility of creating for himself both glory and fortune. Eminently successful in several guerilla skirmishes, he did not stop until he had freed the whole of the upper MAGDALENA from Spanish

rule, and prepared himself for the most remarkable, if not the most brilliant achievement in his whole life—the invasion of VENEZUELA. (a) Whether we regard this enterprise in the light of an application of means seemingly inadequate to a great end, or whether we consider its not less courageous execution, we are forced to admit the existence of a military mind, entitling its possessor to the appellation, which some historians have bestowed upon him, of “the Napoleon of the south.” It forms a strange contradiction to his first actions as a soldier; and it is perhaps not too much to say, that, to this exploit, grand in conception, and bold in execution, BOLIVAR owed two-thirds of his military fame, and three-fourths of that influence, which he afterwards wielded over the South American people.

HOLSTEIN, in his “Memoirs,” endeavors to rob BOLIVAR of the glory of this conquest, by stating that the suggestion of invading VENEZUELA came from his cousin RIVAS, who was at this time along with him in NEW GRENADA. But in another part of these same “Memoirs” HOLSTEIN admits that “great credit is due to BOLIVAR for this grand conception.” With all our respect for the apparent candor, and the white hairs of this author, we are under the necessity of receiving his statements with the greatest caution. When BOLIVAR commanded the expedition from AUX CAYES, HOLSTEIN, who had previously been in the New Grenadan service, was appointed chief of his staff, and accompanied him to BARCELONA. Shortly after a quarrel ensued between BOLIVAR and his officer, which resulted in the latter leaving the service. History, of course, is silent on a subject of so little importance as the cause of this quarrel, and to receive HOLSTEIN’s account of the matter as truth, would argue too much confidence in weak human nature. The true cause, as far as we can learn, and as HOLSTEIN half confesses, was the non-promotion of the ex-chief. HOLSTEIN, disgusted with BOLIVAR as the false friend, was not likely to appreciate him in the soldier.

Even admitting, that the first conception of this splendid achievement—which may fairly be placed on a parallel with the exploits of NAPOLEON—originated in the mind of RIVAS, it is evident that one and all looked to BOLIVAR as the master-mind capable of carrying it out. The little band of patriots—most of them Caraguins—assembled on the banks of the MAGDALENA, at once proclaimed BOLIVAR the leader of the expedition. HOLSTEIN frequently asserts that BOLIVAR was “weak, cowardly, and indolent,” while RIVAS was “brave, talented, and active.” Surely the associates of BOLIVAR and RIVAS—for most of the heroes of this expedition were personally acquainted with the two cousins—would never have chosen the coward and the imbecile, to lead them on so difficult an enterprise. No! they saw in BOLIVAR the intrepid and energetic soldier, who, since his entrance into the service of NEW GRENADA, had routed the royalists in several engagements—had freed the provinces on the MAGDALENA—and had proved himself capable of conducting such an enterprise to its glorious termination; and with unanimous voice—RIVAS himself having proposed it—they chose him their commander-in-chief.

(a) We allude to his celebrated invasion of Venezuela in the year 1813.

It is unnecessary for us to enter into the particulars of this remarkable campaign. Suffice it to say, that the whole of VENEZUELA, with the exception of one or two of the Eastern provinces, was in the hands of the Spaniards—that BOLIVAR's whole force was 500 men—that a Spanish army, ten times their number, under the cruel MONTEVERDE, and his sanguinary generals, was ready to oppose, and annihilate them—and that three hundred leagues were to be traversed, over a country intersected by numerous fordless streams, and pathless sierras; and add to this, that after traversing the whole of this difficult route—after many forced marches and hard-fought battles—undaunted by danger, and unconquered by fatigue—the patriot army, with BOLIVAR at its head, entered the city of CARACCAS, amidst the wild *vivas* of a freed nation, and planted the standard of liberty on its emancipated walls.

We are not writing the history of this revolution, but we cannot pass over the triumph of patriotism in silence; and the pulse of the freeman beats quicker, when he thinks of the glad feelings that must have actuated the bosom of every patriot Caraguin upon that glorious day. It was on the 4th of AUGUST, 1813, when BOLIVAR, with his victorious troops—which, from the small, but Spartan band, that had crossed the far CORDILLERAS, was now swelled to the stature of a large army—made a public and triumphal entry into the city of CARACCAS. Nothing could be more enthusiastic, more deeply affecting and impressive, than the first meeting of his troops with the inhabitants. Like friends and brethren who had long been separated—who had fought, bled and suffered in the same cause, their pent up feelings burst forth in one wild torrent of joy—they hailed and embraced each other with loud acclamations—the streets were strewn with flowers—the houses illuminated—the dungeons and prisons were thrown open—and the emaciated victims of MONTEVERDE's cruelty, staggering forth, mingled their feeble blessings with the loud shouts and *vivas* of an enthusiastic people.

SIMON BOLIVAR, with one voice—and that voice came from the Caraguin nation—was proclaimed “El Libertador.”

We regret that the circumscribed limits of a magazine article, will not allow us to enter into a detail of the exploits of this leader, who was, emphatically, the “hero of an hundred battles”—accomplishing, like NAPOLEON, great ends with inadequate means, and confounding his opponents by the rapidity of his movements, and the vehemence of his attacks. He was several times forced to fly from his country—at CUMANA—at OCUMARA—at BARCELONA, and NEW CARTHAGENA—almost alone, and after his army had been scattered and destroyed; yet still did he continue to act, in the midst of adversity and despair, until he gained the cause which he had first espoused—the expulsion of Spanish tyrants from the continent of AMERICA.

We must pass over the celebrated battle of CARABOBO, and many other glorious exploits, which evince the energy and talents of this chieftain—to come to what has been generally considered his most glorious achievement, and which fully confirms his claim to the reputation of a great military commander.

Reader, spread before you a map of South America. Look near the mouth of the ORINOCO, in the province of GUAYANA, and you will



see the position of a fortified city, called SAN TOMAS DE ANGOSTURA. In this place, in the month of MARCH, 1819, the Congress of VENEZUELA, with SIMON BOLIVAR as President, was assembled. The whole of VENEZUELA, with the exception of GUAYANA and one or two other provinces, was under the rule of SPAIN; so that this patriotic junta of ANGOSTURA, reminds us of the regency of LEON, promulgating laws to govern SPAIN, while the whole country was in the power of NAPOLEON. NEW GRENADA, moreover, had fallen once more into the hands of the Spaniards. Two thousand troops had just landed fresh from SPAIN, and MORILLA was concentrating all his forces in VENEZUELA, with the determination of destroying, in the next campaign, every vestige of revolutionary spirit.

Now mark the mind of the patriot leader. Instead of wasting his time in contending against a vastly superior force—instead of striking at the enemy that was nearest, and marching for CARACCAS, the rallying point of conquest or defeat—he conceived the bold project of once more crossing the CORDILLERAS, and attacking the enemy, at a point where he least of all expected it—in the very heart of NEW GRENADA itself. Reader, if you have the map of SOUTH AMERICA still before you, survey the distance from ANGOSTURA to SANTA FE DE BOGOTA—nearly a thousand miles! Look at the wilderness country to be traversed—the numerous rivers to be crossed, some of them navigable and fordless—the mountains to be climbed. Then consider the undisciplined state of the troops—their ill equipments—consider, too, that it was in the rainy season, when the plains of CASANARE and the APURE present only vast sheets of inundations—that the frozen summits of the ANDES lay in their route—that the sudden mutations of adverse climates were to be encountered—and that a well-disciplined army, occupying all the military positions, was before them—and if you do not admire the greatness—the boldness of the undertaking—if you do not admit that he who could conceive, and carry into execution so vast a conception, possessed

“ the dash—the tact—  
The spirit to plan, and the courage to act!”

with you, then, are we willing to drop the argument.

The celebrated march of the Caraguin, may be justly compared with that of the Carthaginian, nor will it lose by the comparison. A whole month was occupied in crossing the province of CASANARE alone, and their first engagement with the enemy was fought on the river GUYA, nearly three months from the time of their leaving ANGOSTURA. On the 7th of AUGUST, 1819, the heroic army, after having defeated the enemy in the pitched battles of SAGAMOSA and PANTANO DE BARGAS, met him again on the field of BOYACA. Here the Spanish army of NEW GRENADA was entirely annihilated—its commander-in-chief, with 1500 men, surrendering themselves prisoners of war.

By this defeat, which may be very appropriately styled—the SARATOGA of the Colombian Revolution—the power of SPAIN in NEW GRENADA was completely destroyed, and it is, perhaps, not too much to say, that the blow here struck decided the fate of royalty in all Spanish America.

We regret that our limits will not allow us to discuss the dispositions of this battle, which alone would establish the claim of BOLIVAR to the name of a great military leader. Would to God, that he had died there! Well would it have been for his own fame—for the liberty of his country—for freedom throughout the world. Had he fallen on the field of BOYACA, crowned with conquest, while the sentiments which he had proclaimed, from the summit of the lofty CERRO, were still ringing in the ears of an admiring world—the laurels that would then have been flung upon his grave by the hands of millions of freemen, long ere this, the historian and poet would have gathered, and woven into the proudest wreath that ever graced the patriot's brow—and SIMON BOLIVAR would now have inherited that glorious and God-beloved title—to which we must dispute, and deny his claim—the pure patriot.

We will proceed to state the grounds, upon which we predicate our refusal of this name to the Caraguin Soldier.

Perhaps there is no hero of modern times, about whose character there exists a wider difference of opinion, than that of SIMON BOLIVAR. Some historians dazzled by the splendour of his achievements, and blinded by his bulletins, as well as their own prejudice in favor of the cause for which he was *professedly* contending, have attributed to him such a high degree of moral and intellectual virtue, that, did we not carefully observe the premises laid down in the beginning of this paper, we should deem him a demigod.

He is called by them “an extraordinary man—a man of transcendent talents—of profound knowledge—free from ambition—a philanthropist, and the liberator of his country!” And yet there are others (*a*)—and these last were the personal acquaintances of Bolivar—who have given his character, in terms exactly antipodal of the above. Hear the historian of the Columbian Revolution (*b*):—

“His liberal education, improved by travel, and an acquaintance with many of the enlightened men of Europe, early imbued his mind with liberal sentiments; and having witnessed the condition and character of an independent, if not a free people, he was deeply affected with the degradation and oppression of his native country. At Paris he attended on all public lectures, and attracted notice by his talents and learning; here he contracted an intimacy with Baron Humboldt and Bonpland, in company with whom he visited England, Italy, Switzerland, and a considerable part of Germany, and made himself acquainted with the political condition, the character, and habits of the people in these different countries. He had a fair opportunity of discovering the wonder-working influence of political and religious institutions on the human race; that the social character of man is formed by them, and that they are the sources of the power and prosperity of nations, as well as of their degradation, impoverishment, and oppression. He discovered that *liberty* is the natural element of man, where alone his faculties attain their just growth and full development, and which alone gives to him his proper rank and dignity in creation. As his soul warmed with the love of liberty, he more deeply lamented the enslaved and degraded condition of his own country. With these sentiments he returned to Venezuela just at the breaking out of the revolution. He inherited more than one thousand slaves, which he emancipated, and embarked his whole property, a princely income, in the revolutionary cause. He was solicited by the junta of Caraccas to go on an embassy to England, in conjunction with his friend Don Luis Lopez Mendez, but he declined it. Disapproving of the policy pursued by the congress, he remained in retirement at Caraccas until after the earthquake, when the storm which was gathering over his

(*a*) Doucoudray, Holstein, Colonel Hippisley, &c.

(*b*) History of the Revolution in Colombia, by a citizen of the United States.

country called him forth in her defence. He was appointed a colonel, and entrusted by Miranda with the important command of Puerto Cavello, which place, as has been stated, he was unfortunately obliged to abandon to the royalists. He disapproved of the capitulation of Miranda, and after Monteverde entered Caraccas, obtained from him, as a special favor, a passport to embark for Curacoa."

The above is a beautifully concocted theory, placing SIMON BOLIVAR in the interesting position of the patriot whose whole soul, from the hour of childhood, at home and abroad, whether wandering over the rugged ALPS, or gliding through the princely precincts of the Palais Royale, never, for a moment, lost sight of this one great aim and purpose—the emancipation of his native country. A beautiful theory, we admit, but a theory for whose verification, unfortunately, not one single act in the whole life of BOLIVAR can be adduced. We can show that previous to his receiving the rank of lieutenant-colonel under General MIRANDA, in 1811—nearly three years after the commencement of the revolution—the emancipation of VENEZUELA, from Spanish dominion, had no more to do with the mind of SIMON BOLIVAR than with the mind of FERDINAND of SPAIN.

Then, and from that time, military ambition, without one single spark of true patriotism, was kindled in a mind hitherto under the influence of luxury and pleasure; and to this cause alone are we to assign all the sequent glorious actions of the South American chieftain. Take the proofs:

BOLIVAR, with his lady, arrived in CARACCAS, from MADRID, in a Spanish man-of-war, during MARCH, 1809. On his arrival he retired to his beautiful residence of SAN MATEO. His wife died shortly after, so that domestic ties cannot be urged as any plea for his backwardness in the early movements of the revolution. The farcical excuse offered above is, "that he disapproved of the policy pursued by the congress." Here is a strange contradiction in character. After having just told us that SIMON BOLIVAR "warmed with the love of liberty, deeply lamented the enslaved condition of his native country"—after having proved that a more favorable conjuncture for declaring their independence never offered itself to an enthralled people—SPAIN being engrossed in a war with FRANCE, and at this crisis deeply prostrated—after having related, how on the 5th of JULY, 1811, this declaration had been made, and that the same congress, who had made it, in conformity with the example of their great prototypes of the North—had not only pledged their "lives, fortunes, and sacred honor" to maintain it, but had since, actually bled and suffered in its defence, this historian coolly informs us that BOLIVAR "disapproved of their policy."

Yes; he *did* disapprove of their policy, for when he returned to VENEZUELA, in 1813, a conqueror, a dictator, he not only annulled the acts of this wise, though incipient government, but crushed every vestige of federal feeling in the bud, and established in its stead, a despotism, dark and dreadful as that of a Sultan or Czar.

On the glorious 19th of APRIL, when the first spark leaped forth from the long-stifled fires of liberty—when the intrepid SALIAS bearded the viceroy EMPARAN in the very hall of council, and demanded in firm and fearless accents, the *first requirements* of freedom—SIMON

BOLIVAR was not among the promoters of the movement—and again, when the assembled congress, on the 5th of JULY, 1811, proclaimed to an enthusiastic people, freedom and independence, SIMON BOLIVAR was not one of those who pledged “life, fortune, and sacred honor,” for their maintenance. No! He was rusticating in the valley of ARAGUA and *disapproved of their proceedings*. Who dare assert, that this was the proper conduct of a soldier of liberty, or a lover of his country?

The whole passage we have quoted is a tissue of fabrications; and would our space permit, we could show that two-thirds of the history from which it is taken, is a well-woven and interesting romance. The author appears, not only to have been unacquainted with the true character of his subject, but to have wanted proper documents from which to draw. He wrote his history in 1826, when BOLIVAR was still living, and before he had thrown off the mask that concealed his true character from the world; consequently it is entirely compiled from the bulletins of BOLIVAR himself; for during his administration no other documents were uttered sufficiently loud to echo across the ocean. The devil can quote scripture, and BOLIVAR could speak sentiments of freedom, and did—for every decree of this dictator was filled and glutted with pompous sentences about liberty. They are not the sentiments breathed in the true spirit of freedom; you can easily detect the hollowness of his promises and professions. Our historian farther informs us that BOLIVAR “disapproved of the capitulation of Miranda.” We wonder whether he disapproved of the proximate cause that led to that capitulation—his own desertion of the fortress of PUERTO CAVELLO.

HOLSTEIN affirms, what we have never seen denied, that he was one of the three who arrested MIRANDA, and delivered him over to MONTEVERDE; and that they arrested him in the night, while asleep, and basely too, while under the hospitality of the roof of one of them. It was on this account that BOLIVAR received from the Spanish general, “by special favour,” a passport to CURACOA. Here is another proof that this hero was not the designing enthusiast of freedom, our historian would have him. Had MONTEVERDE considered BOLIVAR of dangerous importance to the royal cause—and had such been the case he could not but have known it—it is not likely that the latter would have received a passport, by “special favor.”

Had we space to follow SIMON BOLIVAR through his whole career, we could divest every action of his life, of all pretensions to patriotism. Self was his ruling passion—aggrandizement of self was the love of liberty that warmed his bosom. He promised the Venezuelans a congress, when he freed the country in 1813; but one excuse followed another, and no congress was convened, until in the following year they again fell under the dominion of the Spaniards. His hatred and jealousy of CASTILLO, a rival patriot commander, induced him to leave the service of NEW GRENADA, just as MORILLA was about to lay siege to NEW CARTHAGENA. He here abandoned the patriot cause, from motives of jealousy alone, and retired to the island of JAMAICA.

In the history of the Spanish American revolution many dark deeds of despotism, many mysterious and unexplained actions, point to



BOLIVAR as their author—the conviction and sudden execution of PIAR—the condemnation and banishment of the tried and true patriot, SANTANDER—the slaughter of the 1200 Spanish prisoners in CARACAS—and a multitude of others; in the contemplation of which the lover of liberty and truth will pause, before he pronounces the word “patriot.” But, on the other hand, let him read the celebrated constitution of BOLIVIA, drawn up and presented by BOLIVAR to her constituent congress, in 1825, and containing, as he has assured us, the creed of his political faith; let him read this, and read too the address that accompanied it, and he will instantly, and without reserve, pronounce the author and framer of the odious instrument, a liar and a liberticide. A liar, we say, for in that address he assures the too ignorant Bolivians, that “the people of the United States have been in the habit of making their prime minister president,” and that he, “acting on this hint, thought proper to establish it into a law,” thus constituting for BOLIVIA a hereditary successor. Never was an instrument framed more fitted to establish and perpetuate the power of a despot, than this. In the whole of the villanous document there is not a single proposition that would not meet the approval of the Czar of RUSSIA, or the great Sultan at STAMBOUL. We could not breathe freely while reading it; and he, who after its perusal, could call SIMON BOLIVAR a patriot, deserves to live only under such a constitution.

He first offered the odious thing to BOLIVIA, though it was not designed for BOLIVIA alone, but for all SOUTH AMERICA. Gratitude compelled the Bolivians to accept what, presented by any other hand, would have been rejected and spurned. The bayonet had it proclaimed in PERU; and the same persuasive power would have forced it on COLOMBIA, had not the jealous goddess of liberty, closely keeping watch over this “wolf in sheep’s clothing”—who had entered her temple as the professed guardian of her rights—pointed out to freemen its destructive tendency, and taught the false Liberator a bitter lesson. In one short year from its promulgation, in spite of the gratitude of the South American people, to him who had delivered them from foreign domination, in spite of the bayonets of his hireling soldiery, this devil’s document was torn before the eyes of its author, and scattered to the winds of heaven.

That BOLIVAR eight times resigned the supreme authority in COLOMBIA, PERU, and BOLIVIA, and that he refused a crown tendered by General PAEZ, we admit; but who, after knowing the circumstances of these eight resignations, and the refusal, will for a moment doubt that he followed the example of CÆSAR, on the LUPERCAL. It was the report of these resignations, blazoned forth in pompous but hollow language, that obtained for him, with those who knew him not, the glorious—in this case—misnomer of “the Washington of the south.” Well knew the cunning Caraguin, that each resignation, followed by a fresh acceptance, added new strength to his authority. It was only the eagle renewing his youth—pluming his wings for a higher flight.

His acceptance of the crown from PAEZ, would not only have given the lie to all his former professions, but would have endangered his

whole power and purposes. Why should he care for the title of "monarch"? Why, then, for the sake of names, should he risk his power, while he enjoyed all its privileges, without one? He was Dictator, Liberator, President, Supreme Chief, of COLOMBIA, PERU, and BOLIVIA; and he wished to be the concentrated majesty of all SOUTH AMERICA; but under what name or title, King, or President, Sultan, or Czar, it mattered not—despotism may flourish equally under all. Let him who doubts it look to MEXICO, to HAITI, and be convinced; or look to the country of BOLIVIA, herself.

From the date of the battle of BOYACA, BOLIVAR's whole soul seems to have been bent upon the union of the South American States into one government—well knowing that he would be placed at its head. Every proclamation, every decree, during the last ten years of his life, was filled with praises of "union," "concentration," "solidity of government," and "strengthening of the executive"—and no doubt, had he lived a few years longer, that he would have attempted to accomplish with the bayonet, what persuasion and diplomacy had failed to effect. Why need we say "no doubt," as though it was a matter of uncertainty?—He died in arms against the lawfully constituted government of his country.

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ART. II.—A CURSE ON ENGLAND.

THE curse of GOD ON ENGLAND!

The basest of the base;  
May o'er her head be ruin spread,  
And on her fame disgrace;  
And in a vile and abject war,  
Uprooted be her race.  
The curse of GOD, who frowns on fraud,  
O'er bloody ENGLAND go abroad.

The curse of GOD ON ENGLAND!

The robber of the world;  
May every son she has alive  
Behold her banner furled;  
While shame shall dim her ancient name,  
Her glory down be hurled.  
The curse of HIM, who curses crime,  
Be on her to the latter time.

The curse of GOD ON ENGLAND!

The country of our sires;  
May famine ever fill her fields;  
Be cold her cottage fires;  
And be her latest glory in  
The pile where she expires.  
The curse of GOD, who frowns on fraud,  
O'er bloody ENGLAND go abroad.

## ART. III.—THE DEARBORN POEMS.

**D**URING a late session of a "Native American" Convention at Philadelphia, General DEARBORN, its President, in a speech, filled abundantly with froth and fustian, recommended as a *dernier resort*, to prevent emigration, that we should rise up, and slaughter the emigrants. Admiration at this humane suggestion has produced, no doubt, the following poems.

## ODE TO DEARBORN.

Hurrah, for brave DEARBORN,  
 Thank God, he was here born—  
 Our hero so brave, and our chairman at that!  
 Even HANS GRIPPENHAUSEN,  
 And Baron MUNCHAUSEN,  
 With GULLIVER—blast him!  
 Could not have surpassed him;  
 For the three, in a batch,  
 He'd have been quite a match,  
 To have shocked them and knocked them into a cocked hat.

"  
 If these poor, foreign bodies,  
 These rogues and these noddies,  
 Will persist to this country in making their jaunts;  
 Then will our commander,  
 As stiff as a gander—  
 In full regimentals,  
 And such incidentals,  
 To the teeth full arrayed—  
 From the sheath draw the blade,  
 And slay them, their parents, their uncles and aunts.

"  
 Let the word then be slaughter,  
 Flow blood-floods like water!  
 For DEARBORN, the hero, commands us to-day;  
 So these aliens we'll roast 'em,  
 We'll boil 'em and toast 'em;  
 We'll kill them in quiet  
 Or else in a riot,  
 As best may comport  
 With our zest for the sport,  
 And the ease we discover our victims to slay.

## THE DEARBORN MASSACRE: A BALLAD.

There was a gallant DEARBORN;  
 And near as I can tell,  
 In Boston town, of high renown,  
 This brigadier did dwell.

Brave DEARBORN, to his good wife said,  
As GILPIN, long ago, (a)  
"To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And I must seek the foe.

"

"So call my servant, darkey JOHN,  
And bid him bring my steed,  
That I may mount upon his back,  
And make the foeman bleed."

"

Then darkey JOHN obeyed the call,  
And soon the steed was seen,  
A stamping sore the door before—  
The charger tall and lean.

"

"Now bring me forth my noble sword—  
My true and trusty blade ;  
And hand me here my uniform,  
That I may be arrayed."

"

Now darkey JOHN brought forth his clothes,  
Likewise his new chapeau—  
'Twas made, historians do observe,  
By BUTTERFIELD and Co.

"

Up mounted then the doughty chief,  
Upon his bony steed ;  
And clattered o'er the pavement stones,  
With most terrific speed.

"

The moment that the foreigners  
Caught glimpses of his nose,  
They ran, as runs the thistle down  
Before the wind that blows.

"

They hid them in the water-butts,  
In chimneys and in holes,  
Quite inaccessible to aught,  
Save foreigners and moles.

"

But idle all such vain attempts—  
Their toil was all in vain ;  
For one by one he dragged them forth,  
Till every one was slain.

"

He smote them east, he smote them west,  
He smote them north and south ;

(a) A mistake. Mrs. Gilpin spake to Mr. Gilpin on the subject, just as Mrs. Caudle to her husband, and with like success.—EDITOR.



He smote them gaily, hip and thigh,  
And by the word of mouth.

“

And having done, he hastened home,  
And toiling up the stairs,  
He kissed his good wife, Bess, and called  
The family to prayers.

---

THE BATTLE-SONG.

Blow the trumpet of tin, let it blow !  
Let the sound to the nations go—

Tan-tan-tarra !

Their bones to freeze to the very marrow,  
Their hopes to chill, and their minds to harrow ;  
There is refuge no longer, afar in the west,  
For the slaves who abroad by their lords are oppressed—  
And no more must they flee o'er the bounding main—  
If they do every son of a gun will be slain.

“

Blow the trumpet of tin once again !  
With a louder and fiercer strain—

Tan-tar-tan-tarra !

See, sitting as stiff and as straight as an arrow,  
Great DEARBORN arrives on a Yankee wheelbarrow.  
His forces are around him to smite and to slay,  
And burn, ravish, murder, in broad light of day ;  
They murdered and burned in the city of PENN—  
With the blessing of God, they will do it again. (a)

“

Blow the trumpet of tin, with a roar !  
Puff away till you can no more—

Tan-tar-tan-tar-tan-tarra !

As fierce as the cock-robin killing cock-sparrow,  
Brave DEARBORN dismounts from his Yankee wheelbarrow.  
He girts on his sword to his wonderful thigh,  
There is rum in his noddle and wrath in his eye ;  
The hero of Boston goes forth to the fray—  
Now wo to the foe ! They will mourn for to-day.

---

Two rhymesters, LONGFELLOW and LORD afford,  
Right bright examples to the rhyming trade ;—  
One steals material for each song so long ;  
The other steals his poems ready made.

(a) Not more profane, we are sorry to say, than some of the expressions used by certain orators of the “ Native American ” party.

## ART. IV.—LEAVES FROM A LOG-BOOK.

## LEAF V.

THE ISLAND OF ABACO—THE HOLE IN THE WALL—THE BAHAMAS—  
GRAND BAHAMA BANK.

SEPT. 2.—Last night we ran down along the island of ABACO. A new lighthouse has been just erected on its S. E. extremity, by the British government, at the place called "The Hole in the Wall." It was greatly needed; and our government many years ago, had offered at their own expense to erect and support one, but the jealous Briton refused the offer, and has at last done it himself. To be sure, the interest of the inhabitants of the BAHAMAS will not be promoted by the erection of the light, as many of them subsist by wrecking, and their five hundred isles scattered over seven degrees of latitude and ten of longitude, *bring up* a great many wrecks.

ABACO, the largest of them, which is now in sight with its new white lighthouse, must be sixty miles in length and fifteen in breadth. We are now striving, without much progress, to weather its southern extremity, so as to pursue our course W. and S. W. over the Bahama Bank. The wind is most adverse, and there is a current against us. Besides ABACO, there are the GREAT BAHAMA, ELEUTHERA, ANDROS, and ST. SALVADOR, or CAT ISLAND, each from thirty to sixty miles in length, but narrow. The whole of the BAHAMAS, including five thousand square miles of surface, nearly as large as JAMAICA, only contain 3,000 whites and 11,000 negroes. The island of PROVIDENCE is the best, and on it is the seat of government, NASSAU. ST. SALVADOR or CAT ISLAND, which is lying about one hundred miles south of us, is remarkable for being the first land discovered by COLUMBUS. This alone would redeem the character of the BAHAMAS for being useless, that they lay so as to lead to the discovery of AMERICA. The British, who are fond of appropriating to themselves every barren rock on the globe, that they can by any practicable way take possession of or claim, have not thought this miserable cluster of uninhabited—as we may call them—*islands*, beneath their notice, lest probably some other power should occupy them. The best thing they produce—and that is only a few of them—is the pineapple. They may, however, at some distant period, become thickly inhabited and well cultivated; but this would be more likely if they belonged to the Dutch. In the meantime, they are a dangerous obstruction to the free navigation of this part of the Atlantic, and the British are very backward in obviating this evil, by the construction of lighthouses. There is one wanted on the N. E. coast of ABACO, another on ORANGE KEYS, or the GREAT BAHAMA BANK, and several others at different points. If the UNITED STATES could purchase these islands from the British, it would be a great advantage to the commerce of both countries, since the usual course for ships bound for the Gulf of MEXICO, from the North, is through the channels of these Islands. The U. S. would erect lights on all points where they are needed. It might also be found expedient for the

government, if not profitable for an individual, to have a steamboat stationed at the HOLE-IN-THE-WALL, to tow vessels which are wind-bound through to PROVIDENCE CHANNEL. Ships have been known to beat for ten days opposite this place, before they succeeded in getting through; and from all appearances, we may be as long, if the wind holds as it now does, from the S. The current setting N. prevents us from gaining anything by tacking. There can be no place where the towing system would be so useful, as where tides and currents set strong, as is generally the case among islands.

The BAHAMAS are subject to frequent storms of thunder and lightning. The lightning, last night, seemed to come from every point of the heavens, and the thunder—of which, however, there was but little—resembled the firing of cannon or the loud beating of drums. We had one or two pretty severe squalls in the night, which our neighborhood to the BAHAMA REEFS rendered unusually uncomfortable. The climate, however, is said to be healthy, and to judge from what I have felt, not oppressively warm, but pleasantly moderated by a cooling breeze.

We have been trying to catch a large cunning shark for an hour or two; but the rascal contrived to escape with two or three pieces of beef, though twice we were almost sure of him. A fish about the size of a salmon, called a barecouter, was alongside at the same time, both following the ship; but, as the steward remarked, the shark prevented the barecouter from taking the bait which was thrown out for it also—biting it and threatening it. And yet it did not seem very much afraid of the shark, as it swam within a few yards of it for half an hour; but it seems if the barecouter were once hooked, the shark would very soon gobble it up.

A dead calm kept us lying quiet, until the revolving light, newly erected on "The Hole in the Wall," began to perform its friendly revolutions. It is a beautiful thing, independent of its incalculable utility, in easing the mind of seamen. It was the first time Captain ——— had seen it, and he was delighted with it. It will prove a valuable friend and acquaintance to him in his regular trips from PHILADELPHIA to NEW ORLEANS; and he already began to talk of getting files of newspapers to supply the old Briton, who, with his family, will probably find a pleasant, though solitary home, in a healthy and warm climate, after an arduous military service. We remained motionless long enough to appreciate the value of the light, when a breeze, at first very gentle, but which gradually increased to a good one from the S. E., enabled us to hoist studding-sails, and dash off at nine knots; and though the sight of the lighthouse gave us pleasure, we bade adieu to it with still greater.

SEPT. 3.—I got up this morning about half-past 4 o'clock, and found Mr. ———, the first-officer, keeping a sharp look-out with the spy-glass off the weather-bow. He thought that the horizon in that direction had a singular appearance in the moonlight. I took the glass and saw the land distinctly. The captain was then wakened, who confirmed our opinion, and we soon hauled in within half a mile of the BERRY ISLES, one cluster of the BAHAMAS, lying thirty or forty miles west of the "Hole in the Wall." We passed several islets, each containing

from about one hundred to one thousand acres, and being rather barren looking, though green. No tree or plant but the green sward was visible, and no appearance of habitation. We at last passed one, some miles long. From a small one, the most northern of the group, a couple of boats with fish came aboard of us from a small schooner, owned by an old British captain, who lives in the only house we have seen on the BAHAMAS, and who, with the negroes who rowed the boats, seemed the only inhabitants on this group. They gave us some fish—cat fish, I think—in exchange for beef, and offered us a box of handsome shells, for which they asked four dollars—quite too high I thought; but I am not a conchologist. I bought a branch of coral from one of the negroes. They told us that surveyors had been on the island—the N. W. one—from NASSAU, to ascertain the most eligible position for a light-house, which—though not so important as the one at the “Hole in the Wall”—will be of great service to seamen navigating these seas.

The British negro emancipation bill extends to the BAHAMAS, which are considered a part of the WEST INDIES; and it is said that numbers of negro slaves, from the opposite coast of FLORIDA, make their escape in boats to these islands, where they are free as soon as they land. The whole of the British WEST INDIES will serve the Southern States of the Union in the same way before long; and, perhaps, if the practice is not checked, it may operate more effectually than colonization societies in freeing the UNITED STATES of negroes—at least of slaves.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.—We are now moving slowly over the Great Bahama Bank, in a S. W. course, with a light wind, which, however, is fair; and we are overtaking a brig bound the same way with ourselves. We have lines out for fish, but have not been fortunate as yet.

The GREAT BAHAMA BANK, which extends for several degrees of latitude and longitude S. W. of the BAHAMAS, is right in the way of vessels going from the north, by way of the BAHAMAS, to the GULF OF MEXICO, unless they choose to go round it, W. and afterwards S., which renders the voyage considerably longer. Vessels, therefore, unless those which draw a great deal of water, generally run over the BANKS. On looking over Captain ——'s chart of these seas, I find that the depth of the water, on that part of the bank over which vessels generally pass, is only from two and a half to three and a half fathoms, and in some places only two and a quarter, and even two fathoms. For a large vessel, or one deeply laden, therefore, crossing the BANK is a matter of some danger, and the more so, that the BANK is studded in different places with dangerous rocks. The ORANGE KEYS, in particular, on its western border, being very near the route usually taken by vessels, is very dangerous, and a light on that place is greatly wanted. The United States government would willingly erect a light here, but the British, who claim every rock and shoal in and about these seas, would not permit it. The British may, in the course of time, erect one here themselves; but, in the mean time, the ORANGE KEYS must continue an eyesore to the navigation of this part of the ocean. Should a light be erected here, the inhabitants of it will have a still more lonely berth than the keeper of EDDYSTONE, for the nearest inhabited land will be the coast of FLORIDA.



The waters of the **BAHAMA BANK** are either of a green milky color, where the bottom is sticky and soft, or of a blue color, where the bottom is hard, and so clear that you can easily see the ground at the depth of eight fathoms. It is a beautiful sight to look over the stern of the ship and see beneath you the bottom of the sea, with its groves of coral and sponge, which you can distinctly perceive on the hard soil; whilst now and then you see the speckled barecouter, or the swift dolphin, frisking through these submarine groves; sometimes too, the ravenous shark, the most unpopular fish in the sea, spoils their sport by suddenly coming on them with his underhand oblique attack. The great advantage in crossing the **BAHAMA BANK** is, that you have no occasion to encounter the Gulf Stream, except in crossing it; whereas, if you make the circuit of the **BANK**, you have to run south against that Stream all along the western edge of the **BANK**. But even after crossing it, vessels sometimes, in calm weather, getting into the Gulf Stream, are drifted north along the western edge of the **BANK**, and are again obliged to come round its northern extremity and recross it. This revolution or circuit has been made three times in succession, before the ill-starred vessel succeeded in escaping the unmerciful power of the Stream.

## LEAF VI.

BRITISH LOVE OF ISLANDS AND TERRITORY—TRAVELS OF REASON—  
IMAGINATION AND FACT—A LIGHTHOUSE UPON DECK—KEYS, BANKS,  
REEFS AND FLORIDA COAST.

This morning, about two o'clock, a squall came on from a quarter that compelled us to run for the **ORANGE KEYS**, a very inhospitable retreat in such a case, so that after it blew over we anchored until the break of day, the first moment of rest the ship has had since she left **PHILADELPHIA**, if we except the time she lay aground on Saturday night, which was rather an uneasy bed. We are now getting into deep water, and will be soon off the **BANK**, the boundary of the British dominions in this quarter. It is astonishing how ambitious of possessing the British are. Their philosophers comment on the insatiable ambition of **ALEXANDER**, who sighed because there was but one world which he could conquer. And yet the English have the very same thirst for conquest and increasing their territories, on the folly of which they love so much to comment. No region is too cold, no desert too inhospitable, no shoal too bleak to escape their political avarice. A strange kind of avarice too, which impoverishes thousands at home, without adding an item to their power abroad; as if the mere name of possessing such numerous territories would give her a moral pre-eminence over the other nations of the earth. If **ENGLAND** has a preponderance at sea, it is not owing to her thirst for barren islands, and useless deserts, but to other great qualities inherent in the character of her people, which blemishes like the other are not able to counteract. A wag would account for this affection manifested by her for *islands*, by supposing that being an island herself, she naturally had a fellow-feeling for all the other lonely islands on the globe. But, seriously, it promises perhaps a blessing to races of men who may in

future ages inhabit these now barren and desolate regions, that their forefathers, the English of this age, cherished what now appears an unnatural and useless ambition, in exercising sway over lands destitute of any other inhabitant than the sea bird or the turtle. The future men of these regions will bless the spirit which transmitted to their veins the blood of a race ever distinguished above other men for their enterprise and love of liberty. In this way, too, GREAT BRITAIN may perpetuate her name and her blood, if not her empire. And after all, the mere political death of a nation is not the end of its people—in history as well as religion, “’tis not all of death to die.” The learning, literature, acts and laws of ROME are still alive, though, with regard to her political empire—which is but a thing of memory—we may say “*Troja fuit.*”

The Greeks, too, were not content with ingrafting their learning, and acts, and politeness on other nations, but they, like the British, ambitiously transmitted their blood to posterity, by colonies on the Asiatic and Italian coasts; and the inhabitants of the Greek Islands, the MOREA and ATTICA, still attest the purity of their classic blood, to which their hereditary valor has been at last restored, after a long night of slavery.

We are again in the Gulf Stream, and there being scarcely a breath of wind, we are at its mercy. God forbid that we should—like the unfortunate vessel already mentioned—make the triple circuit of the BAHAMA BANKS. The little bird that came on board of us some days ago is still here, and seems determined to go with us to NEW ORLEANS. I have already settled with the captain for its passage-money, and he does not charge much, as it is a very quiet passenger, and not at all intemperate. I was lying on the settee, on deck, a little ago, reading, when I felt, as I thought, some one laying his hand on the side of my head; and on moving, found that it was the little bird which I call ABACO, which had lighted near my ear, probably to whisper its intention of emigrating from the British to the American possessions.

I have been reading “PARRY’S Voyages,” “FRANKLIN’S Expedition,” “FLINT’S Geography”—which I have nearly finished since I came on board—and to-day I have become a good deal interested in “The Travels of Reason,” lent me by the first-officer. I like the following observation, at page 250—“It is good to keep up some old customs: fashion has usurped but too much ground.” The book represents LUCIDOR or REASON, travelling through the different countries of EUROPE, making observations on the manners, &c. of each considerable town, somewhat after the style of ANACHARSIS’ Travels. The Travels were intended for the last century. Among the several conclusions to which LUCIDOR comes, are the following—“That this age tended to what was superficial—that men of real learning were as scarce as the number of men of wit was increased—that a love of novelty made people invent things as absurd as ridiculous—that tinsel is invaluable in a superficial age,” &c. &c.

A brig, which had been far ahead of us last night, we overtook this morning, though you could scarcely suppose we were moving. As there is nothing to do, and every thing is as calm, and tranquil and warm, under this almost tropical sun, the curiosity and imagination

are excited to know what brig she is, and all about her. First, then, let us ask the imagination what she is, and afterwards we will inquire what is the fact. By this means we may form some idea of the credit and confidence due to this artist, who paints the affairs of the world either in too bright or too gloomy colors. Ha! the brig now lounging within two hundred yards edges off towards us. She begins to look suspicious. Now she turns her bow, so that we can see that the painting on her starboard hull is yellow, while her larboard hull is painted white. What can this mean? She must be a pirate, or a vessel taken by pirates, who are now on board, and try to disguise her by changing the painting of her hull. Give me the spy-glass. Alarming! four savage-looking negroes stand in her fore-castle—one has an axe in his hand, and they glare upon us with their large white eyes. Is that a musket which a ruffianly-looking man, on the quarter-deck, puts to his eye? Ha! now there can be no doubt. Horrible! horrible! She claps on another studding-sail to reach us. "What ship is that?" "The ARCHER, of PHILADELPHIA, for NEW ORLEANS." "What brig is that?" "The YANKEE, of BOSTON, bound for HAVANA, with lumber." "A good voyage to you!" "The same to you." Such is imagination, and such fact! At once the terrible picture drawn by the gloomy artist has vanished. The YANKEE was changing her yellow stripes for white, because it happened to be the fancy of the skipper. She edged off across our stern, because she saw we could beat her at sailing, and desiring to put the best face on the matter, bore away a point or two, so as not to run just parallel with us. The crew is a negro one, and the cook happened to be splitting some wood with an axe for preparing the dinner, but stops with axe in hand to look at us. Most negroes have large white eyes. The studding-sail is added to try to keep up with us, and not be outsailed. The captain, who is after all a very civil-looking personage, is merely raising the spy-glass to his eye to take a view of us, as we do of him. It is too bad that nothing will occur during this voyage of a romantic character. Oh! for some "moving accident by flood" to insert in this dull log-book. I have been soliciting the captain to run the vessel on some sunken rock or treacherous reef—and there are plenty along the Florida coast here—which makes my teeth water, as they say in IRELAND, whenever I look on them on the chart—to afford me some materials for my log, and he has not quite absolutely refused me. So we must live on hope, and should we happen to mistake or miss some of the lighthouses between this and the TORTUGAS, there might yet be a chance. By-the-by, talking of lighthouses, there are several villanous iron bolts along the deck of the ARCHER, against which the sailors are constantly breaking their toes, and then cursing. It is as dangerous to sailors' toes as the ORANGE KEYS or the TORTUGAS are to their ships. The cook, commonly called the doctor, a laughing big negro, —Dr. JOHNSON would have had a great respect for our cook on account of his hearty laughs—last night, in *bolting* rapidly along the deck, in the dark, struck the *untoward bolt* with his *toe*, which did not make him laugh, but swear. I advised him to erect a light on each bolt to prevent the shipwreck of toes for the future. He quit cursing immediately, and opened his great jaws, in which a couple of rows

of large pearls shone in the darkness of night, and emitted such a roar of a laugh, as would have raised him higher than ever in Dr. JOHNSON'S estimation.

Judging from the number of vessels of different kinds now in sight, and there are several others in sight from the mast-head, we must be in the common highway of southern bound vessels. Land is in view from the mast-head on the S. E., probably keys on SALT KEY BANK. I can see four vessels now from the deck, all bound the same way as ourselves.

NEW ORLEANS, HAVANA, SANTA CRUZ, LA GUIARA, &c., are as much sought after by these vessels as if they were the most healthy and salubrious spots on the globe, instead of being the reverse. Danger seems to lend an additional charm to whatever is sought after by bold and enterprising men.

The frequency of keys, rocks, reefs, &c., in these seas, appears to be after all, if properly managed, rather an advantage to navigation than otherwise; for currents, and above all the GULF STREAM, renders the compass and the log less valuable here than in most seas. But when a seaman gets a sight of land by day, or of a lighthouse by night, he immediately knows his exact situation. In these seas, where currents are sometimes more rapid than at others, and often set in different directions at different times, we are reduced more to a level with the old mariners, who, before the discovery of the compass, were obliged to keep close by the shore, and trust to their familiarity with the coast.

TEN O'CLOCK.—The scene from the ship at this moment is quite animated. We have left behind all the vessels we came in sight of, and which, like ourselves,

"Are chasing fame, fortune and friends,  
Far away o'er the sea;"

though they heap upon their shoulders all the canvass they can muster. One neat little brig, all sail and no hull, is now passing under our stern; ahead are seen raising their naked heads above the water, the DOG ROCKS and DEAD MAN'S KEYS, on the northeastern extremity of SALT KEY BANK. We are nearing them more rapidly than usual, a breeze having filled our studding-sails, and the sea being almost without a ripple.

Whilst I was writing the above, only three rocks were in sight; now, in about ten minutes, eight or ten more have made their appearance. They look like cattle grazing in the distance on a great meadow,—here are several cows and oxen, there is a flock of sheep. The danger of these rocks, like every other danger, is more than half-gone when it is seen, and SIR BOYLE ROACH'S maxim does not apply here.

It is now quite dark, and a wind right aft has sprung up, and, as all the canvass of the ship is heaped upon her, we begin to move through the water. This is indicated by the whispering of the water about the helm. It is not quite so pleasant to run in a dark night in this neighborhood, along a continued reef of rocks of ill-omened name, viz., DEAD MAN'S KEYS, as in the day time. There is no moonlight,



so a sharp look-out ahead must be kept. The reason why we haul so close along the rocks is, because, if we get off the BANK we immediately encounter the GULF STREAM, a formidable opponent with a light wind,—so it is our policy to go as far as possible before we cross it, unless a good breeze should spring up,—and when we do cross it the farther south the better, so as that we slant across it with the Stream towards the Florida coast and KEY WEST. Soundings are now twelve fathoms.

SEPT. 6.—This morning we are off SALT KEY BANK, and a considerable distance across the Gulf of FLORIDA.

SALT KEY BANK has deeper water than BAHAMA BANK, but is more studded with keys, which raise their ugly black heads out of the water. SALT KEY, farther south than we were, and the largest on the BANK, used to afford the Spaniards abundance of salt; but whether they still claim the property of the BANK, or it passed to the UNITED STATES with FLORIDA, I have not been able to learn. The matter is only of importance as affecting the right of building light-houses on its keys. It is nearer CUBA than FLORIDA, and more probably would still be claimed by SPAIN, if there was any occasion for asserting her title to it.

TEN O'CLOCK.—Mr. ——— announces land ahead—the coast of FLORIDA. I have not heard whether the lights on the FLORIDA coast, abandoned lately on account of the Indians, have been restored.

The land of the FLORIDA coast is now visible from deck, extending before us like rows of trees, which grow along the shore. The reef, which stretches some miles from the shore, all along the coast, for hundreds of miles, is between us and the shore about half-way, and is not visible except by the white color of the water around it, unless where there are keys.

This reef is generally very dangerous, but in some points there is water enough for ships of any size to cross it, as at KEY WEST, where you cross the reef in six fathoms water to reach the harbor. There is also one spot, called the Great Inlet, where the reef ceases altogether. It is some distance north of us. We must beat W. by S. along this dangerous reef, against the GULF STREAM, until we get north of the TORTUGAS ISLANDS, where the reef terminates, and we are permitted to run a N. W. course. We can see a couple of wrecking vessels ahead of us inside the reef, with their white sails, ready to pounce upon us should we get on the reef, like spiders waiting for a fly being caught in their net. For it is said that to fall into the hands of these wreckers, though in some measure government officers, is only a little better than being wrecked utterly without saving a dollar's worth of property. The same and more is said of the Bahama wreckers. Although we have kept a western course since we left the northwestern extremity of SALT KEY BANK, which is in latitude  $24^{\circ}$ , yet by the operation of the GULF STREAM, our real course has been nearly N. W. by N., so that the part of the FLORIDA coast now opposite to us is probably in about  $24^{\circ} 40'$ , making near forty miles of northing for less than thirty miles of westing. This reef protects, I presume, the coast of FLORIDA from being washed away by the strength of the GULF STREAM; and inside the reef must

be well adapted for steamboat navigation, and for shipping bound westward when the wind is fair and light, because the GULF STREAM is seldom felt within the reef.

The part of the GULF STREAM which we crossed is about the strongest part of the current, which accounts for our great northing. Between the Stream and the reef there is a space, where, if there be any current, it is in a direction opposite to it, and in which we now most likely are running, for the very light wind is hardly sufficient to carry us on so fast as we go. The point we first made on the FLORIDA shore was VIPER KEY, on which stands a handsome village, which seems to be but lately built. The houses are new, and seem to be brick or painted wood. What are called keys here are considerable islands, with trees and soil seemingly good, and habitable. Hundreds of these islands are now in sight.

## LEAF VII.

CELESTIAL SCHOOL OF PAINTING—SUNKEN SHIP—SHARK AN UNPLEASANT BED-FELLOW—BEAUTIFUL NAMES OF SOUTHERN LANDS—POETRY OF MATHEMATICS—LANGUAGE OF THE TROPICAL CLOUDS.

This evening, after sunset, a splendid pageant is painted with colors composed of azure, gold, blue and red clouds, on the sky. It seems as if some aerial being, some atmospheric CRUICKSHANK, had taken it into his head to caricature the scenes of man's life. And the fact that the land is now in sight, right under the picture, gives the more plausibility to the illusion. You can see on the horizon-clouds groups of men, women and children, standing and lying in the strangest as well as the most natural positions. I see a little negro fellow with his big black head and bare legs, a woman with a child in her arms, and a thousand grotesque, ridiculous-looking people. The painter, too, down on the horizon has painted a number of dangerous-looking keys and trees, which rival the groves of FLORIDA just beneath, in the truth of the picture.

After writing the above I went down to supper, and on my return on deck I find the scene changed. For on the opposite side of the heavens from where the sun set, an artist of a different kind is displaying a most sublime and magnificent picture. The sea is as calm as the grave; not a breath of air stirs; the silence is more profound than could be imagined by one who never was from land; and there seems to be no motion on the waters nor in our ship, which rests in her glassy bed, nor in the heavens, save the constant flickering of the lightning along the eastern sky. A varied mass of sable clouds, perfectly motionless, are splendidly illumined every few seconds by the flashes of lightning which arise at one border of the clouds and run along to the other, and are repeated in regular succession all along the gloomy rampart. This is an historical piece, and sublimely does the painter portray the storming of the defences of a proud city. That flash of artillery shows you the strong battlements flanked with towers. Another discharge discovers the defences covered with men striving to retain or get the mastery. This part of the picture is, of course, indistinct and confused; but you fancy you see the

deadly thrust and the sword high in the air. That flash discovers a person of commanding appearance on the edge of one of the towers. He seems to be giving commands to the combatants beneath, for his arm is stretched out, and he is inclined forward with great earnestness. The combat thickens, and the flashes become more frequent and brilliant than ever. Ha! the great tower on the left hand begins to totter. Another discharge, and another—and it falls. One more general discharge; it has gone, burying in its ruins heaps of warriors. But the fight continues on the right as fierce as ever. The warrior on the highest tower is still at his post overlooking the conflict, and the flashes of artillery are more frequent than ever. How is that! a large ball is seen to burn for an instant low in the horizon; then suddenly shoots high in the heavens, and illuminates visibly the whole scene. A mine has been sprung, and the strongest part of the walls have been demolished. That other flash gives a glimpse of a confused and ruinous spectacle. The darkness increases its horrors. Another unmerciful discharge. For an instant, the fierce warrior of the tower is seen hurrying with rapid steps from the field of battle, his course is over carnage and death. The next flash shows him still urging his flight. His sword is gone; his helmet is raised from his brows; and despair seems to drive him over clouds of the slain. His defences are broken down; his men are slain or put to flight; and the incessant fire which galls the flying fragment of his host is also utterly destroying every vestige of the proud city and the valiant band which he commanded. Another flash, and the whole scene is in unutterable confusion. The picture is finished. The rapid lightning now only illumines a shapeless mass of dark clouds; and the genius of the etherial artist has restored the whole to that chaos, from which it had been evoked by his imagination. These southern landscape and historical painters exceed, in beauty and sublimity, any thing ever attempted by artists merely human; and their caricatures are far more ludicrous than those of CRUICKSHANK. We may therefore call this "the celestial school" of painting.

SEPT. 8, 12 O'CLOCK, M.—We are now passing a stick which is elevated about six or eight feet perpendicularly above the surface of the water, and has all the appearance of the topmast of a vessel. Some think that it is but a tree; but as we are in twenty-seven fathoms water, and the stick seems exactly perpendicular, and not moving, I confess I am inclined to believe it to be the topmast of a vessel which is now lying sunk below. This opinion is corroborated by a spy-glass examination, which shows, I think, plainly enough, portions of the rigging still attached to it. It is rather a melancholy spectacle, a kind of marine tomb-stone, to indicate that the bodies of a brave crew, as well as some good ship, lies buried beneath. Their only obituary has been the shrieks of "the wild sea mew," and none but the ravenous sharks, or the frisking dolphin, with its ill-timed gambols, attended their funeral. The former became heirs of all the estate they had to leave, which was of any value to fishes, *their bodies*. Though no epitaph graces their grave, the imagination writes on this desolate stick, a more affecting one than can be found even in WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The weather from one to three o'clock to-day was very oppressive.

A fine breeze has now sprung up which carries us on, besides cooling us delightfully. This great Gulf of MEXICO is sometimes so hot, that a person is inclined to fancy it an immense cistern of boiling water. If it were not for the pleasant breezes that fan it frequently, there would be no existing in it for any length of time; and I do not think I ever felt the wind so pleasant as it is here after great heat.

I crept into my berth in the afternoon to enjoy something like a siesta—the luxury and comfort of which, in hot climates, I can very well appreciate—and escape as much as possible the excessive heat and closeness. Hearing the fishing line drawn in immediately over my room window, which has been open since I left PHILADELPHIA, the first thing that saluted me on putting my head to the aperture was a young shark, which, in drawing up, swung in towards me, and was almost hove into my berth—the head of which is just at and on a level with the window. Had he happened to slip the hook, at the moment, he would have soused right into the berth with me; and though but a small shark, would have given a worse bite than a musquito, at all events.

TEN O'CLOCK, P. M.—Since sunset we have been running N. W., between the TORTUGAS and MANGROVE ISLANDS, a course rather unusual, but which, besides taking us out of the influence of the GULF STREAM, saves us twenty miles. The usual course is round the southern extremity of the TORTUGAS ISLANDS, and afterwards N. W. The Tortugas light has been in sight since dark on our left. We are now clear of these islands, which are not without danger. The light might have been something higher.

The names of the lands along which we have passed, and which are almost uninhabited, are quite poetical. On our right is the MANGROVE ISLES—before that we passed the PINE ISLANDS. The mainland itself, FLORIDA, boasts a beautiful name, and perhaps when the regions become thickly inhabited they may be found worthy their names. The weather, the clouds, the plants, the names of places here are all West Indian.

SEPT. 9.—I am astonished to think how little is known of EAST FLORIDA and its islands. If I mistake not, they will be found in some future time not inferior in value and importance to the best portions of the WEST INDIES, with which so immense a trade is carried on by almost every European and American nation. At present the West is the rage, and perhaps will continue so, in reference to those emigrants who have never been accustomed to, and are afraid of, a southern sun; but it cannot be long until the CAROLINAS, GEORGIA and ALABAMA will pour a numerous population into this fine region. Its groves of oranges, lemons, olives, and magnificent live oak, will surely tempt the voluptuous Southerner to go and repose beneath their shades, and dream away his luxurious existence amidst the salubrious air of its pine forests or verdant and blooming savannahs.

The mind as well as space abhors a vacuum, hence I am constantly urged to find employment for mine, no matter how barren and useless the subject may be. We have but few books on board, and I have already perused most of them. "BOWDITCH's Navigator" and "BLUNT's American Pilot, 7th edition," have both contributed their



share of amusement and information, in the absence of something more attractive. Nor have I found the tables of latitude and longitude, and of the difference of latitude and departure, so uninteresting as one might suppose. They recalled to my mind studies of school-boy days, when they were as familiar to my eye as the waves of the sea are now. This brought up a whole train of recollections, some delightful, others painful; but the most pleasing recollections are now tinged with melancholy, and the most disagreeable are softened down by distance. One can, after the lapse of some years, look back on their actions and life as upon those of a different person altogether, and scan the motives with far more impartiality than we can our present motives and pursuits. The beau ideal of a wise man seems to be one who can examine, and judge of, and direct his own character and conduct, with the same severity as he would that of another; and contemplate himself at the present time with the same impartiality as he does the times that are past. All that I can hope to attain is to view with some degree of impartiality my past life—as for the present, I feel myself almost as much as ever the creature of circumstances, and my own wayward disposition. There are certain traits in our character which may be plucked out like young trees, whilst yet tender; but which require the axe to be laid to their root, when they are suffered to live to their full growth. And this is true, both as respects our good and bad qualities; with this difference, however, that as we seldom find a useless or noxious tree grow to any very great size; whilst the largest and most luxurious plants are generally useful, so the soil of the mind is for the most part better fitted for what is good than evil. And evil qualities are after all more easily eradicated than good ones, when these have taken firm root and arrived at maturity. We have numberless instances of men dying for their religion, their liberty, their principles, and their country; but none ever died from a motive or conviction that vice and immorality should prevail generally in the world. SYDNEY and RUSSELL died because they would not surrender their principles. CATALINE did not care to avow his principles, and perished in consequence, not in defence of them.

But these are rather irrelevant reflections—for I was talking of “BLUNT’s American Pilot,” which is, I assure you, a very interesting, if not romantic work. His account of the GULF STREAM is both philosophical and practical; and the enterprize that led one who is merely a bookseller of NEW YORK, to fit out ships to survey the BAHAMAS, NANTUCKET HARBOUR, and other islands and harbors, is a very uncommon instance of public spirit in an individual. “FLINT’s Geography of the Valley of the Mississippi” has afforded me a great deal of amusement and information. Mr. FLINT writes agreeably, though sometimes a little carelessly, and there is a good deal of original information, facts and views, for a work of that nature. His chapters on the MISSISSIPPI RIVER, on Emigration, and on the Aborigines, seem to me the best—but the most astonishing and romantic part of the work is undoubtedly the tables, which show the almost incredible increase of the Valley, which is the principal subject of his work, as well as the UNITED STATES, in general. There is a great deal of philosophy and even poetry in figures, and one column of authentic statistics is often

more wonderful than the wildest tale of the most eccentric imagination. I do not think, therefore, that there was much point in the sarcasm which a member of the French Chamber of Deputies attempted to cast upon the great American writer, COOPER, of whom he spoke as "a novelist who wrote a treatise on political economy."

One, who has little to engage his mind, sympathizes with and studies things which, under other circumstances, he would deem unworthy of any attention. It must be this that has brought my attention so much to the clouds during this voyage; for I can sit for hours watching the figures which are constantly appearing on them. I confess that to me they speak a language very intelligible—they tell of the various scenes of life, of love, of war, of ambition, of avarice—the wild Arab, scouring the sandy desert, spear in hand—the fish woman, with basket on head, calling out "fine fresh shad"—the turbaned Turk, lazily quiffing his long pipe—the stiff dandy, with tight coat and small cigar—gorgeous palaces, mud huts, churches, theatres, mighty forests, and broad rivers—these and a thousand other earthly objects are easily read on the tropical clouds. There seems to me to be something peculiarly appropriate in this painting of human affairs in the clouds, which continue stable and visible but for a few moments, and where one scene is succeeded by another, as the affairs of man follow each other in quick and fleeting succession. It is a constant lecture on the fleetness and transitory nature of life, more impressive a thousand times than the most eloquent sermon; for here the eye itself can at once detect "the baseless fabric of a vision."

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ART. V.—HYMN OF SUPPLICATION. (a)

VOYAGERS, on life's stormy sea,  
 Tempest-tost, and wildly driven;  
 May we put our trust in thee,  
 Thou wilt guide us safe to heaven—  
*Thou art "the way."*  
 "

Listeners, to the syren song,  
 Of earth's promises of bliss;  
 While enchantments round us throng,  
 Aid us to remember this—  
*Thou art "the truth."*  
 "

Slaves, to the dread tyrant death,  
 When his ne'er resisted power  
 Calls us to resign our breath,  
 Saviour,—save us in that hour—  
*Thou art "the life."*

(a) "Jesus saith unto him, 'I am the way, the truth and the life.'"—John 14 c.  
 6 v.

## ART. VI.—JACK FALLON, AND JACK'S PET.

NOW, you see, I am just the very one who knows all about it—and how it came to pass—

No! I do *not* know everything, but I do this; and so, if you wish to hear, prick up your long ears, take one of these cigars—nice, eh! FUGUET sent them to me from HAVANA—put you feet on that cushion, and I'll begin. You're ready, are you? Then, listen.

CLARA ANDERSON was a laughing little girl of ten years old, when her mother died. The mother, a pains-taking body, who loved her husband dearly, and pined away after his death, until it killed her at last—poor woman—was cheated by the failure of the executor, out of the little property left for her support. God knows what would have become of her, thus friendless and poor; but that her destitution became known to JACK FALLON. Good fellow—JACK—he always was, with a heart like the sun, to shine on everybody—and persuading her that he was an old acquaintance and debtor of her husband, he gave her a sum of money, sufficient to start a trimming store. But she grew worse—and had her last moments gladdened by JACK's solemn promise to take care of her daughter. And well he did it—and well he was requited—for CLARA grew up into the loveliest creature I ever saw. JACK had met with a love-cross in the early part of life; and now having something on which to spend his waste affections, he was contented to live and die a confirmed old bachelor.

Not that he was such an old man either. At the time of the death of CLARA's mother, he could not have been twenty-seven—but disappointed love, which does not affect you or I, had seared up his heart. No one could fill the void in his affections—he never sought one—and the blandishments of the child were his only source of happiness. As he placed her with his sister, with whom she soon became a favorite, engaged her eminent teachers, and determined she should take his name and fortune.

CLARA grew up into a lovely and intelligent woman. She was not a heroine of romance, it is true; but a lively, clever, handsome, and agreeable girl. She had a most perfectly moulded form, fine hands, a ringing laugh, and a marvellously sweet voice. That last quality is a most excellent one, I know; for my poor, dear, dead and gone—well, “leave off your damnable faces,” and I'll go on. She had a nice pair of hazel eyes, and—oh! you've seen her. Then my trouble is all “love's labor lost.”

About the time of which I speak, she was eighteen, and very much courted by the wife-hunters. Divers lovers sighed for her smiles, and levelled at the citadel of her heart, the artillery of particular attention, and the rockets of small talk. But strangely enough, so soon as she began to favor one of her suitors in the least, FALLON would treat him ill; and you could always gauge her apparent favor to any one by noting with what degree of courtesy or rudeness he was treated by her adopted father. JACK said she was a mere child, and should not think of marriage for a long while. He would not hear of anything so very nonsensical. In the meanwhile, he lavished around her every-

thing that could conduce to her gratification. She was almost smothered with luxuries. Poor thing! she did not enjoy them. She began to lose—first her spirits and then her color—grew thinner and paler every day; and seemed to be pining after—the LORD knows what.

FALLON saw all this with great alarm. He took her to the springs; to the sea-shore; to everywhere—but her health grew no better. He was in an awful state of bewilderment, and at last thought of consulting an old friend of his—you know him—PERCY BROWN.

"Pray, PERCY," said JACK, "what shall I do with CLARA? What, in the name of the sphinx, and all the puzzles, can be the matter with her?"

"She's in love, or I know nothing of the symptoms favored by the victims of *la belle passion*," replied BROWN. "She's breaking her heart about some good-looking puppy, whom your infernally black looks have driven away."

"If I thought so—" hesitatingly, said JACK; "but, pshaw! you're wrong. She's a mere child—not eighteen quite—and I have watched her closely. She has shown preferences to different people, sometimes to one, sometimes to another; but nothing which betrayed an attachment. Pho! you are mistaken."

"Nevertheless, I am right," persisted BROWN. "Sound her, at the first opportunity, and you may discover in what quarter her love lies."

FALLON took his friend's advice; and on that very evening, after visitors had retired, while CLARA was playing an odd medley of tunes on the piano—waltzes, marches and two-penny jigs, all mixed up—and varying her performance by snatches of song, he interrupted her playing, by closing his book, and calling her to his side on the sofa.

"CLARA," said he, kissing her forehead, "you know how much I love you."

She trembled. This was his mode of beginning a lecture on some petty folly; and perhaps, she anticipated a long one. He continued—

"Your health seems to be getting worse, and your spirits fall off every day. What does all this mean?"

"Nothing—nothing," was the reply. "I am perfectly happy."

"Do not attempt to deceive me. You do not know how much I am interested in this. I have no tie to bind me to life except your happiness. I have watched your growth with the tenderest affection. If I have frowned on your lovers, it was because I thought them unworthy; and some perhaps, because I could not bear to lose you. It was painful to think that you should love any better than one, who has always watched over you, and strove to make you happy. But confide in me. If you feel attachment to any one, tell me; and much as it costs my feelings to part with you, I will endure that pang or any other, to give you happiness."

The tears coursed down CLARA's cheeks, and her face crimsoned, as she answered—"Do not misjudge me. I am attached to no one, more than you. I—"

"CLARA! there is some mystery here. You *are* in love, I swear.



Confound the fellow who has beguiled you, with his soft nonsense. If I were not so old—"

"Old—father!" and CLARA laughed outright.

"Yes—quite old and infirm," said JACK, gravely, "four-and-thirty next month—if I were not quite so old, I'd enter the list of your admirers myself."

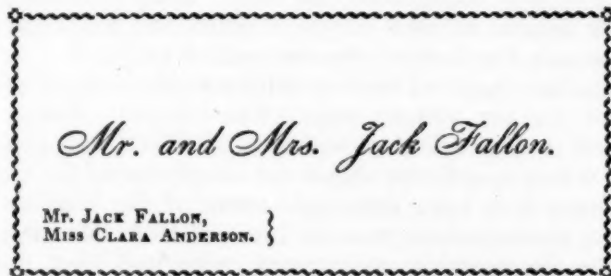
CLARA burst into tears again; and JACK felt quite repentant, he did not know why. "My dear child," continued he, "I did not mean that. I was only jesting. Pray, forgive me. But have confidence in me. Tell me your secret grief. Am I not worthy of your confidence? Have I not always been kind to you?"

"Oh! yes, yes! very kind. I am very grateful."

"Now—there! that is not what I meant. I asked no gratitude. All I desire is too see you happy. If you are not, I am the most miserable man in the world. Besides—"

He felt a gentle pressure on his hand. He looked into CLARA's eyes, and beheld a strange light through her tears. A sun-burst of comprehension blazed over JACK's mind—the two understood each other.

Well, to cut the story short. About two weeks after this took place, PERCY BROWN was amazingly astonished by the reception of a nice little perfumed envelope, sealed on white wax, by a design representing two doves, in most affectionate propinquity, and containing a card, running in this wise:



I have known Mr. and Mrs. FALLON for ten years, and a very happy couple they appear to be; but they have six of the most noisy, riotous little wretches around them I ever saw. So that's all; and a very just moral it has, though it is all true.

*What moral? What moral!* Stupid fellow that you are. Bachelors should never bring up little girls, unless they intend, at some future day, "to put their free, unhoused condition, into circumspection and confine." I look upon JACK's fate as a terrible warning to all future experimenters in that line.

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I thought KIT NORTH a bore—in 1834;  
And find the thought alive—in 1845.

## ART. VII.—FERRANDO, THE AVENGER.

**S**ANTA FE DE BOGOTA is the capital of New Grenada. It stands in the valley of Bogota, on the eastern cordillera of the Andes, six thousand feet above sea-level. The valley is an amphitheatre, surrounded by the most picturesque mountains on the globe, the seat of the ancient empire of the MAYSCAS. The town is built on the site of their capital city, and is one of the oldest, richest, and most venerable cities in Spanish America.

Near the close of the eighteenth century, in the year of our Lord 17—, the streets of SANTA FE DE BOGOTA exhibited a spectacle, whose revolting and atrocious cruelty finds no parallel in the records of human barbarity.

A beautiful female, Doña MENCIA ALVAREZ, in a state of the most barbarous nudity, strapped upon the back of a vile *borro*, or jackass, was conducted from the prison, where she had been cruelly confined; and thus exposed to the gaze, of an unfeeling rabble, was carried through the streets.

Two mulattoes, ferocious-looking monsters, in the dress of public executioners, one on each side, led the animal. A third, disguised with cap and mask, followed close after, carrying in his hand a heavy whip of twisted raw-hide. A file of Spanish soldiers preceded the *borro*; another brought up the rear. The crowd followed, with mixed emotions of pity, indignation and awe. They were conducting her to the public square, at each corner of which she had been sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes upon her naked body!

What dreadful crime had this beautiful creature committed? None! She suffered for her virtue, only. The alleged offence was, that she had aided in a political conspiracy, of which her lover was the leader, and which had for its object the overthrow of the government. The conspiracy had been detected—some of the leaders had been shot—others, among whom was the lover of Doña MENCIA, had escaped; and she, the beautiful unfortunate, who had been convicted of having aided and sheltered the conspirators, had been sentenced to the vile punishment which was now about to be put into execution. The *audiencia*, shame and disgrace to them, by a formal decree, had thus outraged the laws of humanity, and the viceroy—inhuman monster—had ordered the execution.

The accursed procession, issuing from the calle REAL, arrived at the north-east corner of the grand *plazza*. The officer in command here ordered a halt, and the masked monster drew the lash playfully through his fingers, as if trying its tenacity. The beautiful body lay stretched out before him. A single stripe of black crape-cloth was wound around, only partially concealing her waist and bosom—her head rested upon the shoulder of the animal, slightly declining against its neck, and the long dark hair, escaping from an ill-adjusted knot, reached to the very pavement. Her coal black eye was fixed despairingly upon heaven—arms, white as alabaster, were crossed—pinioned upon her breast, and her limbs—perfect models—rounded and voluptuous—and oh! such limbs to be lashed!—fell down gracefully

behind, terminating in two small white feet—the toes of which seemed cut out of rose-colored ivory.

She lay—beautiful as burning fancy can conceive—before the vulgar gaze of several thousands—a lovely victim.

The lash is raised!—*one—two—three*—not a word—not a groan—*four—five—six*—still no sound from those quivering lips—*seven—eight—nine*—silence still—deep—awful silence—*ten—eleven . . . .* “lightly—lightly, monster!” cried a voice from the crowd—*twelve—thirteen . . . . . twenty-five!* “horror—horror!”

“*Vamos al otro lado!*” (a) called out the masked monster in a husky voice—then approaching his victim, he whispered in her ear: “You refused my love—how like you my hate—my revenge?”

A shudder of disgust ran through her whole frame as she recognized the voice. This was her only reply.

The procession moved on to the south east corner. Again they halted, and those beautiful limbs, now blood-stained, were once more submitted to the lash—again, too, the executioner whispered in the ear of his victim, words, alone intelligible to her and himself. There was no answer, as before.

The procession moved to the south west corner, and again halted. The crowd began to mutter indignantly, and cries of “*mueran al matador!*” (b) were occasionally heard—but they feared the military—and the recollection of those who had lately been shot for insubordination, awed them. It must be remembered that these men were slaves.

A third time the horrible scourging was inflicted, and they moved on to the last. Here, as before, twenty-five stripes were given—the cowardly monster seeming to strike harder than ever—as though some deep-seated revenge was not yet satisfied. Again, for the fourth time, did he approach and whisper words of fearful import in her ear. He might have spared himself the taunt this time, for no one heard him, not even his victim. Scarred, bleeding, and senseless—the beautiful unfortunate was borne back to her prison, and the crowd separated with dark and gloomy looks, and murmured threats of revenge.

That night the Doña MENCIA escaped, or was carried from her prison, no one knew where. Search was made by the military, to no purpose; but the people believed that she had died of her wounds and disgrace, and that the *audiencia*, fearing the odium that would arise from her murder, had thus undertaken to conceal it. At that time nothing more was heard of the unfortunate victim; and her murder, thus legally committed, soon ceased to engross public discussion. Other deeds of blood usurped its place, for there was no lack of such marvels during those days in that unhappy land.

About twelve months after the occurrence of the disgusting drama described above, the citizens of BOGOTÁ were startled and horrified by a fearful and wholesale murder, committed upon a family of the highest Spanish nobility—the head of which was a member of the royal *audiencia*. The victims were the Marquis de ALVA, and his

(a) “Let us to the other!”

(b) “Death to the murderer!”

whole family, consisting of six persons—the nobleman himself, his wife, a son, and three daughters. The means employed to execute this fearful deed, was poison. It was swallowed in wine, of which, upon a particular day, they had all drank after dinner. The cask from which the wine was taken had been poisoned, and not lately. The wine had been brought from CARTAGENA, by way of HONDA, on the river MAGDALENA, and as the merchant from whom it had been purchased at CARTAGENA was a man of unblemished integrity, no suspicion could be fixed upon him. The marquis' relations resided in SPAIN; and though his brother came over, and instituted a rigid inquiry into the matter, there was no clue obtained of the poisoners. It seemed a causeless murder; for the Marquis was considered a harmless man, and no one was supposed to have been his bitter enemy.

The whole circumstance was looked upon as mysterious in the extreme.

Scarcely had the public mind ceased to think of this awful theme, when it was thrown into fresh consternation, by the report of another wholesale murder, more hideous in its committal, and more atrocious in its concomitant circumstances. Here, as before, a whole family were slaughtered—the family of Don ANDRES TAVALA, including himself—in all five persons.

Don ANDRES was a man of high distinction, and, like the Marquis de ALVA, a member of the *audiencia real*. He resided in a handsome villa, about five miles from the city, on the southern road. He was in the habit of visiting the city daily, but returned to his country-seat in the evenings. These he always spent in the bosom of his family, which consisted of a wife and three lovely daughters, with four domestics.

These last were found in a room by themselves, fast bound and gagged, but altogether unhurt. Don ANDRES, with his wife and daughters—all cold corpses—lay upon the floor of the grand *sala*, or drawing-room. The father was gagged with a piece of broken steel—his naked back horribly lacerated with a raw-hide, that still lay beside him—and a dagger had been passed through his heart. His eyes were open, and staring fearfully; and the agony of despair was depicted upon his countenance.

The females had all suffered the rudest and most brutal violation; but there was no blood upon them—they had been strangled—for around the neck of each the cord had left its purple mark.

But what seemed strangest of all—not an article of property was touched—even the costly jewellery worn by the wife and daughters of the minister, remained where they were wont, on their hands, arms and necks. This at once established the fact, that the murderers were no robbers; and seemed also to establish the identity of these assassins with the poisoners of De ALVA.

All the information that the servants could give, was, that they had been seized by a band of men, wrapped in *ponchos*, and masked; and after having been gagged and tied in perfect silence, by the directions of one who seemed to be the leader, they were locked up in a remote chamber; after which they saw nothing, and heard nothing, save once



or twice a scream, uttered by a female voice, and occasional peals of loud and violent laughter.

It would be impossible to describe the consternation which followed these startling developments. Military parties scoured the whole country. Troops of armed citizens patrolled the streets night and day, sentinels were placed at every corner, and rewards of high value offered for any circumstance that might give a clue to the assassins. The houses of citizens were closely barred and bolted, for none could guess who might be the next victim, since no one, it was supposed, had given less cause than those already murdered, for such a terrible destiny.

In the midst of all this excitement, a friend called one morning at the house of the Condé VILLAFLORES, in the *Callé REAL*. He rang the bell, and waited for admission. No one came. Thinking that the servant might not have heard his summons, he rang again, with more violence—still no one came; and he continued to ring and knock loudly, with like success. At length, becoming alarmed, he summoned the morning patrol, and after some deliberation, the door was forced open, and the party entered the house, and afterward the *sala*. Here they beheld with horror the dead body of the Count, surrounded by the mutilated corpses of his family—a wife—two sons—and a beautiful daughter—the latter rigidly clasped in her mother's embrace—a tableau of death.

Not the slightest vestige of the murderers remained, to serve as a clue to their discovery; and no traces of them could anywhere be found.

No property had been abstracted from the house. Everything was in its place—plate, gold, and jewelry.

The servants, like those of Don ANDRES, had been seized, gagged and pinioned, and were confined in the back part of the Condé's mansion. The description they gave of the murderers corresponded with that given by the servants of Don ANDRES; and no doubt was entertained but that the assassins, in both cases, were the same.

But another fact which also corroborated the identity, was that the Condé, like Don ANDRES and the Marquis, was a member of the Royal Audience. This at once, and with some show of reason, gave rise to a new suspicion—that a political conspiracy was at the bottom of these mysterious murders. The victims had all been of the government aristocracy, and the three fathers were members of the government itself. This gave a new turn to things. The viceroy became ferocious. Innocent persons, half-suspected, were seized and flung into prison, and the greatest consternation prevailed; for, between the terror of assassins and the viceroy's vengeance, no one could tell how short a time he might be master of his life or liberty.

The Condé VILLAFLORES, and his family, had scarcely been consigned to the tomb, when news arrived from CARTAGENA, that Don FELIX LOZANO—another member of the *audiencia*—had been waylaid by assassins and murdered, as he journeyed from CARTAGENA to MOMPOX. The servants of his retinue had been spared, and were found pinioned and lying by his carriage. Don FELIX's throat was cut from ear to ear. It was after night when the deed was committed, and the

assassins had taken to the woods. One of the servants had obtained a glimpse of a face, by the light of the carriage lamps, which he recognized as a mestizo Indian, formerly seen by him in the streets of BOGOTA.

Close upon the heels of this followed the report of another murder—the victim, the son of the viceroy himself. This young man had gone out alone, to ride on the road leading towards SAGAMOSA. He had ventured too far. He was found among some aloes near the roadside, with a deep sword wound through his breast. His own sword lay beside him, slightly stained with blood; and, lying on the ground, within reach of his hand, was a gold-pin which he had usually worn in his scarf. Beside this, was a green aloe leaf, upon which was described, as if with the pin, the words—

“Don JUAN CASTRO me mataba.” (a)

This was likely enough. CASTRO and the viceroy's son had long been at enmity, on account of a mistress of the former having changed her predilections in favor of the latter. CASTRO was a young man; but through some favor at the Court of SPAIN, he had been appointed a member of the *audiencia* of NEW GRENADA. He had been at enmity with young ROSAS ever since his arrival in the new world; and it was at once believed that he had taken this mode of avenging himself, for injuries received at the hand of the latter.

It was proved that Don JUAN had that evening ridden out on the road of SAGAMOSA. This was enough. He was immediately arrested, and after a summary trial of the royal council, was sentenced to death. This sentence, the furious father—braving the anger of the Court of SPAIN—ordered to be carried into execution; and the young minister was accordingly beheaded.

Thus, in the short space of three months, had every member of the Royal Audience of NEW GRENADA, with their families, perished by some unknown and mysterious agency, fearful to think upon.

But for a time the people of BOGOTA thought of, and talked of nothing else; and the mysterious murders were the constant theme of anxious speculation. Superstition had, with one class of citizens, usurped the place of rational belief; and, among the vulgar, the “Brazos de Dios” (b) was believed to have been the instrument of a terrible retribution. Another class, above superstition of this sort, were almost petrified with an idea that had lately been brought forward—that some of the famed fraternity of the Phansigars—the assassins of INDIA—had crossed the PACIFIC in the galleons of MANILLA, and were here exercising their fearful vocation.

Chinese and Malays were found in numbers through the towns of NEW GRENADA and PERU; and who knew but that the Hindoo Thug might not also be among them, practising the inhuman rites of his religion?

But the most rational citizens looked upon this drama of death, as the effect of a deep-rooted and desperate vengeance, most likely on the part of some wretches who had been either personally or politi-

(a) “Don Juan Castro slew me!”

(b) “Arm of God.”

cally ill-used by the *audiencia real*; and this opinion gained ground, as time passed on, without any recurrence of the bloody scenes.

Nearly six months had elapsed since the last murder—that of young ROSAS; and the public mind was once more lulled into security. It was supposed that vengeance had been satisfied; and the mysterious assassinations had almost ceased to be topics of conversation. Men left their doors unbarred, as of old—the police force was reduced—and arms were generally laid aside. All seemed now to promise peace.

It was but that momentary and delusive calm that preludes the climax of the storm. The last and most thrilling act of this fearfully protracted drama was yet to be brought upon the stage; and it was at length produced, with such a dreadful *dénouement*, that it will never be forgotten in the valley of BOGOTÁ.

DON ESTEVAN ROSAS, the then viceroy of NEW GRENADA, was one who feared neither his fellow-man, nor his GOD. Enough is comprehended in this statement, to show that DON ESTEVAN ROSAS was a bold and bad man. In short, he possessed most of those qualities calculated to inspire hatred and fear, with not one trait of character that might entitle him to respect, if we except the one attribute of courage. He was a libertine of the most licentious kind; and a tyrant of the deepest dye.

At the commencement of the long series of assassinations, DON ESTEVAN, seeing that the dagger was drawn only upon members of the government, and fearing that he too might be assailed, had kept himself strongly and strictly guarded. He well knew that many a poor victim was deeply in his debt, for cruel oppression—many a one, whose hand was held by feebleness and fear. But when the assassinations had ceased, and vengeance seemed to be satisfied, fearless as faithless he had dismissed most of his retinue; and even spent part of his time, almost unattended, along with his wife and daughter, upon a rich *hacienda*, fifteen miles from the city. Here lies the last scene of this terrible drama of death.

In the dead of night, when all were sleeping, the palace of the viceroy was entered by a band of armed men; his domestics, who at first resisted, were overpowered and bound; his wife and daughter murdered, under the most aggravated circumstances; and himself left alive—*alive!* ha—ha—ha! such a life as was left him. The first visitor who entered the palace in the morning, found DON ESTEVAN tied to a piece of furniture—his ears cropped off close to his head—his back scarred and striped—and his face tattooed in the most inhuman, yet ludicrous manner. He could not give any account of what had happened—he could not speak—*his tongue had been cut from his throat!*

His wife and daughter lay before him on the floor, polluted corpses—the beautiful limbs of the latter scarred by the remorseless lash. DON ESTEVAN had witnessed all—he had been face to face with *the avenger*.

The unfortunate man could not speak; but a folded paper was fastened to his pinioned hands, which spoke for him. Thus it ran.

“Citizens of BOGOTÁ—You may well recall to your recollection a



dramatic spectacle, which, about two years ago, was exhibited in the streets of your city; when a young, beautiful, and innocent female, was dragged from the protection of her paternal roof, carried through the open *plazza*, in the most shameless, revolting, and unholy manner, and scourged at the public corners.

"Some of you, too, may remember that the lash which brought the blood from her beautiful limbs, was applied by a tall man, in a mask. Who was he? That brutal monster was no less a person than your viceroy, DON ESTEVAN ROSAS, who thus executed a cowardly revenge, upon a guiltless victim—too weak to oppose his power—but too strong to yield to his unholy and insulting proposals. And thus was DOÑA MENCIA ALVAREZ, the victim of her own virtue.

"I, who now address you, and who will be recognized by some of you as another victim of tyrannical oppression, was then the lover of DOÑA MENCIA, and her natural protector. I am now her legal guardian, for she did not die in the prison, as you supposed. No! she still lives—my wife—though she is now in a distant land, and as yet knows nothing of the full and complete measure of retribution which has been obtained for her sufferings. Every one of those who aided in her disgrace have perished, with the exception of him who was the first cause of her shame. Death was considered too fair a boon to bestow on him—we preferred to let him live; but, at the same time, we took care to curtail his too ample means of life's enjoyment. He will tell you himself how we treated him and his, when you shall have furnished him with pen, ink and paper.

"It is not necessary for me to detail the means used by me to bring about my revenge. I returned to my native city from a fugitive exile, too late to save *her* shame. I could have prevented it. We should have died together. I found the bleeding victim in her prison. Gold gave me the means to take her thence, and she recovered; but, oh! the agony of my vengeful feelings! My whole soul was a chaos! I could think of nothing else but blood—the blood of her oppressors; and in that hour, by the desperate resolve of a desperate man, their destinies were fixed and sealed. I had gold in a secret place—heaps of gold. I possessed friends too, already outlawed, exiled beyond restitution—men they were, and the very fellows for my scheme. How I have executed that scheme, you yourselves, citizens of BOGOTÁ, will best judge. Outrages have been committed on harmless females, I admit. I myself had no appetite for this, though I permitted it in others. The brave rascals who were my associates were not scrupulous, and my soul was insatiable for revenge.

"Not one, save the family of De ALVA, left this world without knowing why; and they were all made to feel the horrors of a guilty retribution. We reserved our principal victim to the last, well knowing as we did, that dead men tell no tales; and he, we intended, should live. His excellency, if he still preserves his recollection, will tell you how tenderly we used him and his; and perhaps he may render you a more detailed account of the cause which led to our retributive justice. You may tell him that DON JUAN DE CASTRO was not the slayer of his son; I had the pleasure of performing that agreeable duty. In the hurry of last night's business, I had forgotten to



impart this piece of information. It may give his excellency additional comfort.

"I have taken revenge of my enemies upon earth—most of them have an ample account to render above.

"And now, citizens of BOGOTÁ, I leave you, and you have no more to fear. You were guiltless of any wrong towards her—your tyrants alone were to blame; and I have rid you of one set of these, though only to make way for another. It will be in vain for you to pursue me—my measures were not the rash calculations of an hour. Ere you have read this document, I, with my comrades, shall be far beyond your reach, and free as the eagles upon yonder hills.—Farewell."

There was no name appended; but those who read, recollected well FERRANDO LINARES, the lover of Doña MENCIA. He was never afterwards heard of in the valley of BOGOTÁ.

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ART. VIII—OUR SEVERANCE.

THY lips to mine, with kiss convulsive,  
 In that sad moment, madly clung;  
 And tears and sighs came forth impulsive;  
 And agony thy spirit wrung.  
 Thy hand on mine laid frantic pressure;  
 Thine eyes spoke many words; and yet—  
 Since that our parting was *thy* pleasure—  
 Whence sprang these tokens of regret?

"  
 I read thee not, thou fair creation;  
 I cannot rend the misty veil;  
 But sit in this, my desolation,  
 And hear my inner spirit wail.  
 Why thou didst mourn, that I was cheerless  
 And thou the cause, I cannot tell;  
 'Twere better, had thine eyes been tearless,  
 And said thy lips a cold farewell.

"  
 By thy decree, thus given to sadness,  
 We parted; yet thy tears fell fast—  
 One kiss I took me—ah! what madness!  
 From those sweet lips—the very last.  
 Fast fell thy tears while thus consigning  
 My spirit to an utter wo—  
 Ah! past the power of all divining,  
 Why thine own act should move thee so.

## ART. IX.—THE SELF-PERFORMERS.

“**B**RAVO! bravissimo!” cried the audience, as they left the concert-room of the *Conservatoire* at MILAN. A symphony, by a new master, had just been performed. The public had expected nothing; and so much were they surprised at the beauty of the new composition, that after an hour of intense silence, they could vent nothing but ejaculations of delight. The young master, himself, yet sat pondering over the score of his favorite creation. He had, at length, accomplished his long-cherished object. A composition of his own had been performed, with distinguished success, before a critical and intelligent audience. Intoxicated with success, and yet dizzy from the thunders of applause, he read the score over and over again, with intense admiration. His eye beamed with pleasure, and all his troubles seemed forgotten. He blessed the old schoolmaster who had beaten counterpoint into him. With deep pleasure he brought to mind the petty strife with his little MARY, who, when he was tired of the study of music, always urged him to renewed exertion. “Oh! MARY,” thought he, “were you only here to witness the triumph of your CARLO.” He was interrupted in his musing by a strain of his symphony, which he thought he heard in the distance. “I must be mistaken,” said he, “it is the air through a half-opened window, sighing against the instruments around me. Hark! another strain. It is the *adagio* of the first part, coming nearer and nearer. I can now hear the different instruments distinctly.”

It was indeed an attempt to perform the *adagio* of the symphony. A rustling was heard in the orchestra. The musicians had left their instruments behind; and the forgotten things chose to have a little performance on their own hook. While the horns and trumpets were getting out of their chests, the flute was conversing with the oboe and clarionet, the fagotti gave his opinion of the merit of the composition—trying a snatch of it, now and then—and even the piccolo, spoke up, at the highest pitch of his voice. Next, the contrabasso, first in a gentle murmur, then in a serious grumble, and at last, in quite angry thunder, reproached them with mutilating the work of his favorite composer. Supported by the violins, violoncellos and violas, he at last gained the desired point over the assembled wind-instruments; and they all agreed to perform the symphony over again, under the direction of the venerable double-bass, himself. They yielded, on the condition that one of the first-violins should assist in the direction. The instruments were tuned, the double-bass placed himself at the leader’s stand, and a first-violin part served as a partition. The baton was raised, and with a tremendous crash, the orchestra fell in.

The flutes, clarionet and fagotti, first played a passage in inverted chords and double-harmonies. “Double-bass!” cried the leader, after a few minutes—A, D, E, F;” but no double-bass was to be found.

“Ha, ha, ha!” chuckled the oboe, “does the fool think that some one else will play his part? As for me, I shall not, for one; but

perhaps the piccolo will be kind enough to do the job." But the piccolo was too high in pitch, the bassoon had plenty of solos himself, the violoncello was too weak, the corni could not play the chromatic scale, and the trombone was altogether too loud. A general confusion ensued, and the whole affair had like to have been broken up, when a tap by the leader brought all to order again.

"Gentlemen," said he to the orchestra, "I forgot when I undertook to lead, that I could not play at the same time. But, 'it will never do to give it up so,' and we must find means to perform this symphony in a manner worthy of ourselves."

"Bravo! bravo!" was the reply of the orchestra.

"If that stupid old fool had sense enough to take a part, all would go well yet," said the bassoon, pointing to a venerable, worn-out double-bass, who rested on the laurels he had won in former years.

The composer, trembling all the while for the fate of his darling symphony, no sooner perceived the old double-bass in the corner, than seizing the first bow he could find, he grasped "the stupid old fool," by the neck, and took a stand near the violoncello.

"Bravo! bravo!" screamed the orchestra. The leader turned round, nodded his approbation, and rapping with his baton on the tin, called out—"Symphony da capo!"

The introduction and first *allegro* were now performed. All went on well, except that the oboe and the flute quarrelled on a *fortissimo* passage, because the flute found the oboe rather too noisy and harsh.

"Bravissimo, young man," said the double-bass to the young *maestro*. "It is a pity you had not stronger nerves; what a capital double-bass you would make."

"How beautifully he has written this passage for me," said the clarinet.

"He writes for me, almost as well as I could for myself," said the saucy piccolo.

The instruments were tuned again, and at a signal from the leader they resumed their proper position. The violins leaned against the music-stands, the trombone hung itself on a chandelier, the violoncello rested on a small bench, and the others chose such positions as best suited their inclinations. The *andante* began with two corni, followed in succession by the fagotti, oboe and flute. The oboe came in one bar too soon, but a gentle thump from the fagotti reminded her of her whereabouts, and set all right again. The theme began by the corni, was carried through by the different instruments, and ended with a *crescendo de crescendo* on the drums. No! no! there are the stringed-instruments, with three chords *pizzicato*. Another pleasant nod from the leader was the reward of the composer, from whom the perspiration now ran in a stream.

"Hurrah for the *scherzo*!" cried the trumpets; "plenty of work there, for us."

"Hurrah for the *scherzo*!" responded the violins, "our fingers will have no time to freeze, there."

"Hurrah for the *scherzo*!" blasted the trombone.

"Hurrah!" groaned the double-bass from the leader's stand.

The *scherzo* began. All went on peaceably for a short time, until

the flute, thinking the piccolo was out of time gave the latter a kick, which sent him half-a-dozen yards from his stand. But the piccolo took his part with him, and getting a stand near the violins, screamed away to his heart's delight. His new neighbors, unaccustomed to such a noise in their vicinity, got angry; and a pinch in the sides from one of them, completely overturned the piccolo's ideas of high and low. The unfortunate wight ran from one place to another, in despair, though never omitting to take his part with him, and play, whenever he thought it his turn. At length he popped into one of the F holes of the double-bass, and thus protected from the persecution of his comrades, reflected on his singular position in the belly of a double-bass, like that of JONAH in the inside of the whale. But, if he thought himself safe here from persecution, he was mistaken; for not a minute had elapsed, when in peeps the head of the oboe, and the body soon followed.

"All safe here, brother piccolo?" inquired the new-comer.

"All right, sister oboe," answered the other; "but how, in the devil's name, did you come here?"

"In the same manner as I shall send you out, presently, if you do not behave yourself. Quit kissing me, you fool!"

"Well, I had a great mind to laugh, when I saw you squeezing yourself through that F hole there, an aperture almost too narrow for my slender figure; but a passage I had to play, in octaves, with the flute, just then prevented me."

"And very well for you," said the oboe, "or you would not have enjoyed this place, snug enough for even decent people, like myself. Now, sir, look to your part, and disturb me no more."

They both played on for some time, when the oboe had sixty bars rest. "Come, brother," affectionately said the oboe, "let me tell you what sent me to keep company with a screamer like you, in this accursed place, where the most sentimental passages sound like the voices of demons from the infernal regions."

"I cannot say that of myself," replied the piccolo. "I think they know out there where my domicile is."

"Ah!" exclaimed the oboe, "there is my turn again. Not for the world could I miss a single note of that symphony, for I mean to make that young fellow, its author, write a concerto for me."

The next rest for the oboe, gave her a chance to continue her narration, for the piccolo was then as busy as a bee. It appeared that the trombone, who, as we have stated, had hung himself on a chandelier, thought he heard a wrong note. He listened attentively, but could discover nothing, until the oboe, playing a passage out of time, he could distinguish her voice easily; and such playing was more than he could bear. His blood boiled with rage; but he reserved his revenge for a more favorable opportunity. Presently a *fortissimo* passage gave him a fine chance, and with a tremendous blast, he sent the oboe—poor thing! heels over head, against the violoncello. The blast was so powerful, that she rebounded; but, most unfortunately, leaped right into the funnel of the horn. This, of course, threw a damper on the spirits of that instrument, and lowered it a semi-tone in pitch. Enraged at what it deemed to be a malicious trick, the horn



played with double force, until the oboe was driven out, and sent, by a strong blast, right into the arms of the drum, and such a flogging as it received there, one cannot imagine. A *fortissimo tremolo* gave a good chance to the drum to take revenge for those tricks, played him by the oboe, on many occasions. Breathless and exhausted, our poor sufferer at last found a shelter inside of the double-bass.

The violins, violoncello and double-bass, had no time to carry on a quarrel. Besides, they thought it far beneath their dignity to mingle with the common crowd, since it was their duty to maintain the reputation of the orchestra. But the flutes, clarionets, second oboe, corni, trombones and trumpets had a jolly time of it. The trombone tried to drown the voices of all the others; but, at the first chance, they combined against him, and nothing was then heard of the trombone. At one time, he grew very angry, for he thought that the drum had spoiled the effect of a beautiful passage where he could blast *ad libitum*. So he took a long draught, on playing the double E's, and tried to hit the sticks of the drum; but the latter was prepared for him, and, with one stick, took the other and hurled it at the trombone. The latter, bewildered with fright, threw the stick at the leader on the stand, and just then the *scherzo* ended. And none need suppose the *scherzo* to have been a failure; for this quarrelling took place in the proper place, as the composer wrote *forte*, *fortissimo*, *piano* or *pianissimo* in the score, and all the fighting was done in the rests that occurred.

The *scherzo* being over, the oboe peeped out of one F hole, and the piccolo out of the other; and encouraged by the benignant smiles of the stringed-instruments, ventured to return to their old places. The first bassoon taking them under his special protection, they were easily reconciled to the trombone and the rest. The leader returned the stick to the drum, the first violin put on a new E string, and in a few minutes all were ready to continue. *Prestissimo* was the appendix to the last part of the symphony; but the leader thought that *presto*, under existing circumstances, was as much as they were capable to do. The baton again sounded on the tin; and away they all went, tearing everything with them, in their eagerness to do justice to the spirit of the composition. The corni were the first, who—after playing a beautiful passage in 6-8 time, gave in—the trombones soon followed—and the trumpets, after a brilliant *fanfare*, with drum accompaniment, bade good bye to the rest, and returned to their respective chests. The piccolo played on until entirely out of breath, and then fell like a lump of lead, on the ground. Flutes, clarionets, oboes and bassoons bore up bravely; but they could not resist the supernatural power which hurried them on to the yawning abyss—the end of the symphony. One more shriek, and they were silent as the grave. The stringed-instruments alone were now masters of the field. Encouraged by an occasional *bravo* from the leader, they fiddled and fiddled until a *tremolo fortissimo* set them raving mad, and an *arpeggio* chord put an end to their dominion. The leader laid down his baton, and fell in the arms of the young composer; and the latter, with the score in one hand, a bow in the other, and a double-bass on each side of him, was found the next morning by his alarmed friends.

## ART. X.—THE CURSE OF PAPANTZIN. (a)

SCENE.—*The presence chamber in the imperial palace. PEDRO and GUATOMOZIN discovered.*

PEDRO.

Thine uncle yields—be thou content to yield.  
Be thou a Christian; leave thy Pagan gods;  
Adore the everlasting.

GUATOMOZIN.

Monk, no more!

Thou'rt wearisome with importunity.

PEDRO.

Obey thee; else be sure the imperial crown  
Shall never grace thy brow. Our lord, the Pope,  
Heaven's own vicegerent, in whose hands are held  
St. PETER's mighty keys; who heaven and hell  
Opens, at will, or closes; he, who sways  
A sceptre o'er the true and only church  
Which GOD, himself, hath founded on a rock,  
Will not consent to sanction thy ascendance  
To empire.

GUATOMOZIN.

Whence his power to sanction it?  
Sends he across the seas to chain our will,  
As well as mock our deities? From whence  
His power or right to offer opposition  
To that which Mexico shall will?

PEDRO.

From GOD!

From HIM, supreme, to whom the thrones of men  
Are nothing, even less the strength of men.  
Be counselled, and embrace the faith.

GUATOMOZIN.

Peace, monk!

The winds, that float at morning o'er the lake,  
Wrapt in sweet odors from the floating gardens,  
Shall move me with their sighing, sooner far  
Than words of thine.

PEDRO.

I leave thee; but 'tis said,  
In holy writ, who hardeneth his neck,  
Shall straightway be destroyed.

[*Exit PEDRO.*]

GUATOMOZIN.

The GOD supreme

Thy people worship is the yellow gold;  
The temple where they offer up their prayers,

(a) From a MS. drama, founded on a Polish tragedy; so far, at least, as some striking incidents are concerned. It was less meant for the closet, than the stage.

The crowded mart where commerce sits enthroned ;  
 Their priests are cunning, fraud and avarice.  
 I'd rather be the vilest criminal,  
 Who doles out life among the oozy damps  
 Of prison dungeons, than a canting Christian.—  
 Whom may this be, in ample garment wrapped,  
 That slowly makes his panther-like approach,  
 With cautious footfall. 'Tis the favorite ;  
 The sneering, heartless CALAN. I'll provoke  
 His thoughts to utterance.

[Enter CALAN, without observing GUATOMOZIN.]

CALAN.

Two days, and twice,  
 And twice again—yet holds my purpose good.  
 Oh ! slow-paced vengeance, sure to win the goal,  
 Though tardy Time, who chides thy cautious feet,  
 Expect it not. There are some wrongs, be sure,  
 Which day by day accumulate in wrong,  
 And reproduce themselves by long delay  
 Of satisfaction. Such are mine. Come here,  
 Come fastly.

GUATOMOZIN.

Welcome to the court again,  
 Sweet, courteous CALAN, pink of compliments.  
 You have been absent.

CALAN.

Heard you aught, and what ?

GUATOMOZIN.

Of what ?—ah ! of thy speech. I heard thee mutter  
 Some comfortable talk of sweet revenge ?  
 Pray, whom may be the victim ?

CALAN.

No one—dreams—  
 Dreams enter strangely in an old man's head—  
 The past days re-creating from the shadow  
 In which they have been hidden. I have dreamed—  
 And now the vision is a thing of naught.  
 Absent, you ask ? Yes ; four days only gone.  
 What news since then at court, my gracious prince ?

GUATOMOZIN.

Airy and buoyant trifles—nothing more.  
 A floating garden sank on yesterday ;  
 I wear two feathers in my cap, you see—  
 A fashion fair enough ; the Emperor  
 To-day turns Christian on the public square—  
 That's all.

CALAN.

That's all ! 'Tis true thou art my prince,  
 The heir apparent—but to jest on this—

GUATOMOZIN.

On what ?

CALAN.

Is treason, slandering thy lord—  
The Emperor turn Christian! rather say  
The sky has turned its azure to a green.

GUATOMOZIN.

Would this were false—would that my words were lies!

CALAN.

Now, I remember such a rumor came  
To COAHUILA, but we thought it baseless.  
Impossible!

GUATOMOZIN.

And yet 'tis true.

CALAN.

Art mad?

GUATOMOZIN.

If it be false as I asseverate,  
May all the vengeance of our deities,  
Light on my head and sink me to perdition.

CALAN.

And stand you here to tell it?

GUATOMOZIN.

Could I more?

More would be treason.

CALAN.

Treason! What is that?  
There is no treason when insulted gods  
Cry, from their palaces in upper air,  
To mortals as avengers. Treason!

GUATOMOZIN.

Thou

Art MONTEZUMA's favorite and friend.

CALAN.

I am a Mexican.

GUATOMOZIN.

What shall we do?

CALAN.

Hast dull became? There was a noble prince,  
Who should have been an Emperor—was wronged—  
His uncle sat upon a throne usurped.  
Flowed not his life-blood quicker through his frame,  
When came brave opportunity to wrest  
A ravished diadem?

GUATOMOZIN.

I fear thy words.

Thou wouldst mislead me, CALAN, to my death.

CALAN.

So help me all our gods in time of need,  
As speak I truly.

GUATOMOZIN.

I distrust no more.

Consult thy friends—thy true and trusty friends—



None other—then, in ten hours, meet me here.  
Lo! the empress-mother comes—though old and blind,  
Her rare and royal soul the future scans,  
Without control. Leave us. In ten hours hence—  
CALAN.

I'll meet thee.

[Exit CALAN.]

GUATOMOZIN.

It is powerful aid. But, should  
I trust this man? Ay! he's a bigot, who  
Forgets all favors when his faith's at stake.

[Enter PAPANTZIN, attended by a page.]

Welcome, imperial grandame; here I kneel  
To claim thy blessing.

PAPANTZIN.

Kinsman, it is thine.

GUATOMOZIN.

Some for myself, I crave it—more for him,  
Who sways a sceptre, thy imperial son.

PAPANTZIN.

Have I a son?

GUATOMOZIN.

The Emperor, thy son.

PAPANTZIN.

Is he alive? With sight my memory fails.  
A dire calamity is loss of sight;  
Where darkness settles soon is born decay.  
One time, mine eyes were bright and clear,  
And I could see the beauty of the world,  
Now hidden in darkness desolate, forever.  
Alas! my kinsman, I am blind and old,  
Of all forsaken. Husband, children, friends,  
All these once mine—all these have past away.  
I do remember now, he is alive—  
The elder 'twas who died. How looks he now;  
How now arrayed? Thine uncle, boy; dost hear?  
Thine uncle and thy monarch?

GUATOMOZIN.

Gallantly—

Imperial robes are round his noble form,  
And on his breast a cross—a jewel bright  
Flings back the sunlight.

PAPANTZIN.

Ay, the cross—

An olden symbol of our sovereignty.

GUATOMOZIN.

'Twas given him by his new ally, the Pope.

PAPANTZIN,

The Pope! is't he who sends, with sword and flame,  
New gods to MEXICO? I hear of him.  
Half-priest, half-deity, he reigns o'er ROME.

The god he worships was a common felon,  
And died a felon's death.

GUATOMOZIN.

So say the priests,  
Who rule these Spanish fiends.

PAPANTZIN.

This stranger Pope !  
He is a powerful god. His children bear  
Thunder and lightning in their hands—so say  
The women round me ; but, alas ! for me,  
There is no sight. My son ! where is my son ?  
One dead ; I dreamed I had another. Ah !  
I move in sleep. Where is my son ?

GUATAMOZIN.

He comes !

\* \* \* \*

MONTEZUMA.

This day we have embraced the mysteries  
Of Christian faith—our will imperial  
Is that our nobles and our servitors  
Shall follow our example. Our confessor,  
And priests who aid him, will instruct ye in  
All necessary truths.

FIRST NOBLE.

Are we to yield  
The faith our fathers gave us to a stranger ?  
Better go die at once, and join the gods.

SECOND NOBLE.

For then at least the future were secure.

MONTEZUMA.

Now by the awful mysteries of the faith  
To-day adopted, these rebellious words  
Of angry bigots shake not our resolve.  
That which we do, we do to benefit  
Ourselves and empire—by the crown we wear,  
It shall not be recalled. We now dissolve  
Our audience.

[*Descends from the throne. PAPANTZIN comes forward.*]

PAPANTZIN.

Stay, for I must speak a word.  
I feel that kindred blood to mine is near.  
My son, my MONTEZUMA, art thou here ?

MONTEZUMA.

Here, at thy bidding, mother, bows thy son.

PAPANTZIN.

Hast thou returned from some new expedition ?  
Are laurels on thy brow, and on thy front  
The scars of warfare ? Is thy treasury  
Replete with plunder from the vanquished foe ?  
Hast tamed the rude Camanche ? From the stream

That rolls in eastern valleys, hast thou come  
 With note of triumph? Was the applause I heard  
 Roll like a thunder-peal in air this morn,  
 The shouting of the fawning multitude.  
 Given to thy conquests? Does the Inca feel  
 And yield subjection to thy warlike arm?  
 Speak loud! and let a mother's tears of joy  
 Congratulate her son, the conqueror.

MONTEZUMA.

Nay, mother! 'tis not so—no conqueror;  
 I bend me to my God.

PAPANTZIN.

Thy God! who's he—  
 The criminal of NAZARETH, of whom  
 On yesternoon the lying Christian priest,  
 Informed me—him, whose countrymen  
 Slew for sedition? Such a God thy choice?

MONTEZUMA.

Blaspheme not, mother, rather bless thy son,  
 Who leaves the errors of his time and people,  
 And flinging blinded prejudice aside,  
 Essays to win the truth. No more blaspheme!  
 But give thy blessing.

PAPANTZIN.

*I blaspheme. 'Tis thou!*  
 Hast fallen so low that strangers give thee law?  
 Hast fallen so low to worship Gods which they,  
 Who gave them to thee, worship not themselves?  
 Go to! their deity is gold, for whom  
 They leave the precepts of their felon-god,  
 Abjure his mild instruction, and beneath  
 The very cover of the Prince of Peace,  
 Bring fire and slaughter to this quiet realm.  
 Where is thy fame, and where thine old ambition?  
 Stript from thy person like a garment worn,  
 And cast beside thee, with thy mother's love,  
 And father's faith.

MONTEZUMA.

Believe it not, my mother.  
 Thy love I cherish whatsoe'er may chance.  
 No change of faith, no overthrow of power,  
 No deeds of thine can make me love thee less.  
 Thy blessing, mother.

PAPANTZIN.

Never! renegade!  
 Bless *thee*! thou foul apostate! Here, before  
 Thy scorning people and our angry gods—  
 Here while the eye of heaven looks on my soul  
 In approbation of my purpose—here  
 Alone and unsustained by man, the one  
 Who gave thee birth—whose willing breasts bestowed

The aliment of childhood—curses thee,  
 Thee and thy novel gods. May hatred dog  
 Thy weary footsteps ; treason in thy house,  
 Dishonor in thy household ; in thy cup  
 Lurk secret poisons ; at thy festal board  
 Sit foul disease ; and all these mischiefs be  
 The hastening couriers of the loathsome death.  
 A mother's curse, a nation's and thy gods,  
 O'erhang and overwhelm thee with their power.  
 A blight upon the hand who succours thee ;  
 Clouds ever on the day that gave thee birth—  
 A curse upon thy coming and thy going ;  
 A curse upon thy waking and thy sleep ;  
 Thy life be one continuous misery ;  
 And when thy wretched race is run forever,  
 Sink thy doomed spirit to the Christian's hell !

[PAPANTZIN falls into the arms of the page.]

ART. XI.—SONNET.—MARY MAGDALEN. (a)

**B**LESSED—though grief and shame o'erflow thine eyes ;  
 Blessed—though scoffed at by the wondering crowd ;  
 He unto whom thou kneelest rebukes the proud,  
 And bids thee now the child of Heaven arise.  
 Hath He not said—that where the bramble grew,  
 The myrtle should come up ? the sweet fir-tree  
 Replace the thorn—and grass abundantly  
 Wave where the desert land no moisture knew ?  
 But see the bleak and lonely wilderness  
 With fragrant roses like a garden bloom ;  
 The perished tree survive—again to bless ;  
 See, fed with streams, the thirsty land rejoice,  
 And hear the waste lift up its gladsome voice,  
 “ To taste his fruits—let my beloved come ! ”

JUDY left PUNCH upon a drunken frolic—  
 “ 'Tis quite a stroke of glorious wit,” quoth he—  
 “ And yet,” he said, and looked quite melancholic—  
 “ I am not partial to my JUDY's spree” (*jeu d'esprit*).

(a) An imitation from a Spanish poem.



## ART. XII.—AMERICAN POETRY.

THAT we are not a poetical people, has been asserted so often and so roundly, both at home and abroad, that the slander, through mere dint of repetition, has come to be received as truth. Yet nothing can be farther removed from it. The mistake is but a corollary from the old dogma, that the calculating faculties are at war with the ideal; while, in fact, it may be demonstrated, that the two divisions of mental power are never to be found, in perfection, apart. The highest order of the imaginative intellect is always pre-eminently mathematical, or analytical; and the converse of this proposition is equally true.

The idiosyncrasy of our political position has stimulated into early action whatever practical talent we possessed. Even in our national infancy we evinced a degree of utilitarian ability, which put to shame the mature skill of our forefathers. While yet in leading-strings, we proved ourselves adepts in all the arts and sciences which promote the comfort of the animal man. But the arena of exertion, and of consequent distinction, into which our first and most obvious wants impelled us, has been regarded as the field of our deliberate choice. Our necessities have been mistaken for our propensities. Having been forced to make railroads, it has been deemed impossible that we should make verse. Because it suited us to construct an engine in the first instance, it has been denied that we could compose an epic in the second. Because we were not all Homers in the beginning, it has been somewhat too cavalierly taken for granted that we shall be all Jeremy Bentham to the end.

But this is the purest insanity. The principles of the poetic sentiment lie deep within the immortal nature of man, and have little necessary reference to the worldly circumstances which surround him. The poet in ARCADY, is, in KAMSCHATKA, the poet still. The self-same Saxon current animates the British and the American heart; nor can any social, or political, or moral, or physical conditions, do more than momentarily repress the impulses, which glow in our own bosoms as fervently as in those of our progenitors.

Those who have taken most careful note of our literature for the last ten or twelve years, will be most willing to admit that we *are* a poetical people; and in no respect is this fact more strikingly evinced than in the eagerness with which we ourselves seek information in regard to our poetry and our poets. But, alas! we seek what is not easily to be found. A distinct, connected, and, especially, a *comparative* view of our poetical literature, has been long a *desideratum*. But how, or where, shall we supply it? Shall we pick it out for ourselves, piecemeal, from the columns of the ephemeral press? Shall we look here for even a few well-considered and honest opinions at random? The idea is preposterous. The corrupt character of our ordinary criticism has become notorious. Its powers have been prostrated by its own arm. The intercourse between critic and publisher, as it now almost universally stands, is comprised either in the paying and pocketing of black-mail, as the price of a simple forbearance, or

in a direct system of petty and contemptible bribery, properly so called—a system even more injurious than the former to the true interest of the public, and more degrading to the buyers and sellers of good opinion, on account of the more positive character of the service here rendered, for the consideration received.

We smile at the idea of any denial of our assertions upon this topic;—they are infamously true. In the charge of general corruption, there are, undoubtedly, some noble exceptions to be made. There are, indeed, some editors, who, maintaining an entire independence, will receive no books from publishers at all, or who receive them with a perfect understanding, on the part of these latter, that unbiassed *critiques* will be given. But these cases have always been insufficient to have much effect upon the popular mistrust;—a mistrust heightened by the exposure, no great while ago, of the machinations of *coteries* in Boston—*coteries* which, at the bidding of leading booksellers, manufactured, as required from time to time, a pseudo-public opinion by wholesale, for the benefit of any little hanger-on of the party, or pettifogging protector of the firm. We scarcely expect to be believed—but to so high a pitch of methodical assurance had the system of puffery at one time arrived, that certain publishers, in the city to which we allude made no scruple of keeping on hand an assortment of commendatory notices, prepared by their men of all-work, and of sending their notices around to the multitudinous papers within their influence, *done up within the fly-leaves of the book*. The grossness of these base attempts, however, has not escaped indignant rebuke from the more honorable portion of the press. Tricks such as these will scarcely be attempted again; and we hail these symptoms of restiveness under the yoke of unprincipled ignorance and quackery—strong only in combination—as the harbinger of a better era for the interests of real merit, and of the national literature as a whole.

It has become, indeed, the plain duty of each individual connected with the press, heartily to give whatever influence he possesses, to the good cause of integrity, and the Truth. The results thus attainable will be found worthy his closest attention and best efforts. We shall thus frown down all conspiracies to foist inanity upon the public consideration, at the obvious expense of every man of talent who is not a member of a *clique* in power. We may even arrive, in time, at that desirable point from which a distinct view of our men of letters may be obtained, and their respective pretensions adjusted, by the standard of a rigorous and self-sustaining criticism alone. That their several positions are as yet properly settled—that the posts which a vast number of them now hold, are maintained by any better tenure than that of the chicanery upon which we have commented—will be asserted by none but the ignorant, or the parties who have best right to feel an interest in the “good old condition of things.” No two matters can be more radically different than the reputation of some of our prominent *littérateurs*, as gathered from the mouths of the people—who glean it from the paragraphs of the papers—and the same reputation as deduced from the private estimate of intelligent and educated men. We do not advance this fact as a new discovery. Its truth, on the

contrary, is the subject, and has long been so, of every-day witticism and mirth.

Why not? Surely there can be few things more ridiculous than the general character and assumptions of the ordinary critical notices of new books? A back-woods editor, sometimes without the shadow of the commonest attainment—always without time—often without brains—does not hesitate to give the world to understand that he is in the *daily* habit of critically reading and deciding upon a flood of publications, one-tenth of whose title-pages he *may possibly* have turned over—three-fourths of whose contents would be Hebrew to his most desperate efforts at comprehension—and whose entire mass and amount, as might be mathematically demonstrated, would be sufficient to occupy, in the most cursory perusal, the attention of some ten or twenty readers for a month. What he wants in plausibility, however, he makes up in obsequiousness—what he lacks in time, he supplies in temper. He is the most easily pleased man in the world. He admires everything, from the big dictionary of NOAH WEBSTER, to the last diamond edition of TOM THUMB. Indeed his sole difficulty is in finding tongue to express his delight. Every pamphlet is a miracle—every book in boards is an epoch in letters. His phrases, therefore, grow larger and larger every day; and if it were not for talking “HARRISON AINSWORTH,” we might call him a “regular swell.”

Yet, in the attempt at getting definite information in regard to any one portion of our literature, the merely general reader, or the foreigner, will turn in vain from the lighter to the heavier journals. But it is not our intention here to dwell upon our Magazines. Undoubtedly, one of the very best of them was “Arcturus.” It was edited by gentlemen of taste, of high talent, and of much general literary knowledge. Of the honesty of Arcturus we have a high opinion—but what even *it* did, or was likely to do, in the cause of judicious criticism, may be gleaned from a passage in one of its most elaborate contributed papers. It says:—

“But *now*, criticism has a wider scope and a universal interest. It dismisses errors of grammar, and hands over an imperfect rhyme, or a false quantity, to the proof-reader. It looks *now* to the heart of the subject, and the author's design. It is a test of opinion. Good criticism may be well asked for, since it is the type of the literature of the day. A criticism, *now*, includes every form of literature, except, perhaps, the imaginative and the strictly dramatic. It is an essay, a sermon, an oration, a chapter in history, a philosophical speculation, a prose poem, an art-novel, a dialogue. It admits of humor, pathos, the personal feelings of auto-biography, the broadest views of statesmanship. As the ballad and the epic were the productions of the days of Homer, the review is the native characteristic growth of the nineteenth century.”

We must dissent from nearly all that is here said. The species of review which is designated as the “characteristic growth of the nineteenth century,” is only the growth of the last twenty or thirty years in GREAT BRITAIN. The French reviews, for example, which are not anonymous, preserve the *unique* spirit of true criticism. And what need we say of the Germans?—what of WINKELMANN?—of SCHELLING?—of GÖTHE?—of AUGUSTUS WILLIAM?—and of FREDERICK, SCHLEGEL?—that their magnificent *critiques raisonnées* differ from those of JOHNSON, of ADDISON, and of BLAIR, in principle not at all,—for the principles of these artists will not fail until Nature herself ex-

pires—but solely in their more careful elaboration, their greater thoroughness, their more profound analysis and application of the principles themselves. To say that a criticism now should be different in spirit, from a criticism at any previous period, is to insinuate a charge of variability in laws that cannot vary—the laws of man's heart and intellect—for here are the sole basis upon which the true critical art is established. And this art now, no more than in the days of the "Dunciad," can, without neglect of its duty, "dismiss errors of grammar," or "hand over imperfect rhymes to the proof-reader." And all that which "Arcturus" maintains a criticism to be, is all that which we sturdily maintain it is not. Criticism is not, we think, an essay, nor a sermon, nor an oration, nor a chapter in history, nor a philosophical speculation, nor a prose-poem, nor an art-novel, nor a dialogue. In fact, it can be nothing in the world but a—criticism. But if it were all that "Arcturus" imagines, it is not so very clear why it might not equally be "imaginative," or dramatic—a romance or a melo-drama—or both. That it would be a farce cannot be doubted.

It is against this frantic spirit of generalization that we protest. We have a word, "criticism," whose import is sufficiently distinct, through long usage, at least; and we have an art of high importance and clearly ascertained limit, which this word is quite well-enough understood to represent. Of that conglomerate science to which Arcturus' correspondent so eloquently alludes, and of which we are instructed that it is anything and everything at once—of this peculiar science we are not particularly well qualified to speak; but we must object to the appropriation, in its behalf, of a term to which we, in common with a large majority of mankind, have been accustomed to attach a certain and very definitive idea. Is there no word but "criticism" which may be made to save the purposes intended. Is there any objection to Orphicism, or Dialism, or Alcottism—or any other frequent compound indicative of confusion worse confounded?

But critical heresies such as these are but a softened expression, or reflection, of the ruling "cant of the day." By the ruling cant of the day we mean the disgusting practice of putting on the airs of an owl, and endeavoring to look miraculously wise;—the affectation of second-sight—of a species of extatic prescience—of an intensely bathetic penetration into all sorts of mysteries, psychological ones in especial;—an orphic, an ostrich affectation, which buries its head in balderdash, and, seeing nothing itself, fancies, therefore, that its preposterous carcass is not a visible object of derision for the world at large; an affectation particularly in vogue, just now, among a knot of miserable bedlamites in Boston—a clique of pitiable dunderheads, who go about babbling in parables, and swearing by CARLYLE, with a leer in one eye and a mass of lachrymose hair plastered carefully over the other—a set of thumb-sucking babies and idiots, who could not do a better thing for their own comfort and that of the community than blow out the exceedingly small modicum of hasty-pudding which they imagine to be their brains.

Let us, by way of exemplification, imagine one of these gentlemen reviewing—as he calls it—the *Paradise Lost*. He would discourse of it thus:



"The Paradise Lost is the earnest outpouring of the oneness of the psychological MAN. It has the individuality of the true singleness. It is *not* to be regarded as a poem—but as a *work*—as a multiple Theogony—as a manifestation of the Works and the Days. It is a pinion for the *Progress*—a wheel in the Movement that moveth ever and goeth alway—a mirror of Self-Inspection, held up by the Seer of the Age essential—of the Age in *esse*—for the Seers of the Ages possible—in *posse*. We hail a brother in the *Work*."

Of the mere *opinions* of the donkeys who brag thus—of their mere dogmas and doctrines, literary, æsthetical, or what not—we know little, and, upon our honor, we wish to know less. Occupied, laputically, in their great work of a *Progress* that never progresses, we take it for granted, also, that they care as little about ours. But whatever the opinions of these people may be—however portentous the "IDEA" which they have been so long threatening to "evolve"—we still think it clear that they take a very roundabout way of evolving it. The use of language is in the promulgation of thought. If a man, or a SEER, or whatever else he may choose to call himself, while the rest of the world calls him an ass—if he have an idea which he does not understand himself, the least thing he can do is to say nothing about it; for, of course, he can entertain no hope that what he, the SEER cannot comprehend, should be comprehended by the mass of common humanity; but if he have an idea which is actually intelligible to himself, and if he really wish to render it intelligible to others, we then hold it as indisputable that he should employ those forms of speech which are the best adapted to further his object. He should speak to the people in that people's ordinary tongue. He should arrange words, such as are habitually employed, in collocations, such as those in which we are accustomed to see those words arranged. But to all this the orphicist thus replies: "I am a SEER. My IDEA—the idea which by Providence I am especially commissioned to evolve—is one so vast—so novel—that ordinary words, in ordinary collocations, will be insufficient for its comfortable evolution." Very true. We grant the vastness of the IDEA. But, then, if ordinary language be insufficient—the ordinary language which men understand—*à fortiori* will be insufficient that inordinate language which no man has ever understood, and which any well-educated baboon would blush in being accused of understanding. The SEER, therefore, has no resource but to oblige mankind by holding his tongue, and suffering his IDEA to remain quietly "unevolved," until some mesmeric mode of intercommunication shall be invented, whereby the antipodal brains of the SEER and of the man of common sense, shall be brought into the necessary *rapport*. Meantime, we "earnestly" ask if bread and butter be the vast IDEA in question—if bread and butter be any portion of this vast IDEA—for we have often observed that when a SEER has to speak of even so usual a thing as bread and butter, he can never be induced to mention it outright. He will, if you choose, say anything and everything, but bread or butter. He will consent to hint at buckwheat cake. He may even accommodate you so far as to insinuate oatmeal porridge—but if bread and butter be really the matter intended, we never yet met the gentleman of this peculiar school who could get out the three individual words—bread and butter.

And of our Quarterlies what shall we say?—of the aid which they

are likely to afford us in investigating the condition of our poetical literature? The articles here are anonymous. Who writes? Who causes to be written? Who but a fool would put faith in *tirades* which may be the result of personal hostility—or in panegyrics which, nine times out of ten, may be laid, directly or indirectly, to the charge of the author himself? It is in the favor of these saturnine pamphlets that they contain, now and then, a good essay *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, which may be looked into, without decided somnolent consequences, at any period not immediately subsequent to dinner. But it is useless to expect criticism from periodicals called Reviews, from never reviewing, as *lucus* is *lucus à non lucendo*. Besides all men know, or should know—that these books are sadly given to verbiage. It is a part of their nature—a condition of their being—a point of their faith. A veteran reviewer loves the safety of generalities. He is, therefore, rarely particular. “Words, words, words,” are the secret of his strength. He has one or two ideas of his own, and is both wary and fussy in giving them out. His wit lies, with his truth, in a well, and there is always a world of trouble in getting it up. He is a sworn enemy to all things simple and direct. He gives no ear to the advice of the giant MOULINEAU—“*Belier, mon ami, commencez au commencement*—Ram, my friend, begin at the beginning.” He either jumps, at once, into the middle of his subject, or breaks in at a back door, or sidles up to it with the gait of a crab;—no other mode of approach has an air of sufficient profundity. When fairly into it, however, he becomes, dazzled by the scintillations of his own wisdom, and is seldom able to see his way out. Tired of laughing at his antics, or frightened at seeing him flounder, the reader at length shuts him up with the book. “What song the Syrens sang,” says Sir THOMAS BROWNE, “or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, although puzzling questions, are not beyond *all* conjecture”—but it would puzzle Sir THOMAS, backed by ACHILLES and all the Syrens in Heathendom, to say, in nine cases out of ten, what is the object of a Quarterly Reviewer.

But should the opinions promulgated by our Quarterlies, and by our press at large, be taken, in their wonderful aggregate, as an evidence of what American literature absolutely is—and it may be said that, in general, they are really so taken—we shall find ourselves the most enviable set of people upon the face of the earth. Our fine writers are legion. Our very atmosphere is redolent of genius, and we, the nation, are a huge well-contented chameleon, grown pursy by inhaling it. We are *teretes et rotundi*, enwrapped in excellence. All our poets are Miltons, neither “mute nor inglorious;” all our poetesses are “American Hemanses;” nor will it do to deny that all our novelists are either great Unknowns or great Knowns, and that everybody who writes, in every possible or impossible department, is the admirable CHRICHTON, or at least the admirable CHRICHTON’S ghost. We are thus in a glorious condition, and will remain so until forced to disgorge our ethereal honors. In truth, there is some danger that the jealousy of the Old World will interfere. It cannot long submit to that outrageous monopoly of “all the decency and of all

the talent" in which the gentlemen of the press give such undoubted assurance, of our being so busily engaged.

But we feel angry with ourself for the jesting tone of our observations upon this topic. The prevalence of the spirit of puffery is a subject far less for merriment than for disgust. Its truckling yet dogmatical character—its bold, unsustained, yet self-sufficient and wholesale laudation,—is becoming, more and more, an insult to the common-sense of the community. Trivial as it essentially is, it has yet been made the instrument of the grossest abuse, in the elevation of imbecility—to the manifest injury—to the utter ruin of true merit. Is there any man of good feeling and of ordinary understanding—is there a single individual who reads these remarks—who does not feel a thrill of bitter indignation, apart from any sentiment of mirth, as he calls to mind instance after instance of the purest—of the most unadulterated quackery in letters, which has risen to a high post in the apparent popular estimation—and which still maintains it—by the sole means of a blustering arrogance—or of a busy, wriggling conceit—or of the most barefaced plagiarism—or even through the mere immensity of its assumptions—assumptions not only unopposed by the press at large, but absolutely supported—*supported* in proportion to the vociferous clamor with which they are made—in exact accordance with their utter baselessness and untenability?

So firm, through a long endurance, has been the hold taken upon the popular mind—at least so far as we may consider the popular mind reflected in ephemeral letters—by the laudatory system which we have deprecated, that what is, in its own essence, a vice, has become endowed with the appearance, and met with the reception of a virtue. Antiquity, as usual, has lent a certain degree of speciousness, even to the absurd. So continuously have we puffed, that we have, at length, come to think puffing the duty, and plain-speaking the dereliction. What we began in gross error, we persist in through habit. Having adopted, in the earliest days of our literature, the untenable idea that this literature, as a whole, could be advanced by indiscriminate approbation bestowed on its every effort—having adopted this idea, without attention to the obvious fact, that praise of *all* is bitter, although negative censure to the few alone deserving, and that the only possible result of the system, in the fostering way, would be the fostering of folly—we now continue our vile practices through the supineness of custom, even while, in our national self-conceit, we repudiate that necessity for patronage and protection, in which originated our conduct. In a word, the press throughout the country has not been ashamed to make head against the very few bold attempts at independence which have been made, from time to time, in the face of the reigning order of things. And if, in one or two insulated cases, the spirit of a severe Truth, sustained by an unconquerable Will, was not to be so put down—then, forthwith, were private chicaneries set in motion:—then was had recourse, on the part of those who considered themselves injured by the severity of criticism—and who *were* so, if the just contempt of every ingenuous man is injury—recourse to arts, and to acts of the most virulent indignity—to untraceable slanders—to ruthless assassination in the dark. We say *these things were*



*done*, while the press in general looked on, and, with a full understanding of the wrong perpetrated, spoke not against the wrong. The idea had absolutely gone abroad—had grown up, little by little, into toleration—that attacks, however just, upon a literary reputation however attained, however untenable, were well retaliated by the basest and most unfounded traduction of personal fame. But is this an age—is this a day—in which it can be necessary even to advert to such considerations as that the book of the author is the property of the public, and that the issue of the book is the throwing down of the gauntlet to the reviewer—to the reviewer whose duty is the plainest—the duty, not of approbation, nor of censure, nor even of silence at his own will, but at the sway of those sentiments—whether of admiration, whether of scorn or of contempt—which are derived from the author himself, through the medium of his written and published words? True criticism is the reflection of the thing criticised upon the spirit of the critic.

Turning, in our search for just information, upon our poetical literature, from the Newspapers, from the Monthly Magazines, and from the Quarterly Reviews—turning from these in despair, we encounter certain books, professing to select, or compile, from the works of our native bards; and no better evidence can be adduced, of the general interest felt in my present subject, than is found in the fact that even these *volumes* are eagerly received by the public. They meet with success—at least with sale—at periods when the general market for literary wares is in a state of stagnation. The “Specimens of American Poetry,” by KETTELL—the “Common-Place-Book of American Poetry,” by CHEEVER—a Selection by General MORRIS—another by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT—the “Poets of America,” by Mr. KEESE—and the “Poets and Poetry of America,” by RUFUS W. GRISWOLD—all these have been widely disseminated—and *sold*. In some measure, to be sure, we must regard their success as an affair of personalities. Each individual honored with a niche in the compiler’s memory, is naturally anxious to possess a copy of the book so honoring him—and this anxiety will extend, in some cases, to ten or twenty of the immediate friends of the complimented; while, on the other hand, purchasers will arise, in no small number, from among a very different class—a class animated by very different feelings. We mean the *omitted*—the large body of those, who, supposing themselves entitled to mention, have yet, very unaccountably, been left unmentioned. These buy the unfortunate book, as a matter of course, for the purpose of abusing it with a clear conscience, and at leisure. But, holding these deductions in view, we are still warranted in believing that the demand for works of the kind in question, is to be attributed, mainly, to the general interest of the matter discussed.

As for the two books *first* mentioned, we place no very great emphasis upon *them*. The “Specimens” of Mr. KETTELL were, in our opinion, specimens of little beyond his own ill taste. A large proportion of what he gave to the world as American Poetry—to the exclusion of much that is really so—was the doggrel composition of individuals unheard-of and undreamed-of, except by Mr. KETTELL himself. Mr. CHEEVER’s “Common-Place-Book” had, at least, the



merit of not belying its title, and was excessively *common-place*. The "Selection" by General MORRIS was in so far good, that it did not fall short of its object. This object looked to nothing more than single brief extracts, from the writings of every man in the country, who had established even the slightest reputation as a poet. The extracts, upon the whole, were tastefully made; but the proverbial kind feeling of the General seduced him, we fear, into the admission of much which his judgement disapproved. It was gravely declared that we had more than two hundred poets in the land. The compilation of Mr. BRYANT—from whom much was expected—proved a source of mortification to his friends, and of disappointment to all—merely showing that a poet is, necessarily, neither a critical nor an impartial judge of poetry. Mr. KEESE brought to his task, if not the most vigorous impartiality, at least a decent taste, a tolerable judgment, and a better knowledge of his subject than had distinguished *some* of his predecessors.

Much, however, remained to be done—and, in a very large book, Mr. GRISWOLD has endeavoured to do it. The basis of his compilation is formed of short biographical and critical notices, with selections from the works of eighty-seven poets. In an Appendix, are included specimens from the writings of some sixty or seventy more, whose compositions have either been too few, or in the editor's opinion, too *bad*, to entitle them to more particular notice. To each of these latter specimens, are appended foot-notes, conveying a brief biographical summary, without anything of critical disquisition.

In saying that, individually, we disagree with the compiler of the "Poets and Poetry of America" in many—in *very* many of his comparative estimates and general opinions, we are merely suggesting what, in itself, would have been obvious *without* the suggestion. It rarely happens that any two persons thoroughly agree upon any *one* point. It would be mere madness to imagine that any two could coincide in *every* point of a case, wherein exist a multiplicity of opinions, upon a multiplicity of points. There is no one who, reading the "Poets and Poetry of America," will not, in a hundred instances, be tempted to throw it aside, because its prejudices and partialities are, in these hundred instances, altogether at war with his own. Had the work, nevertheless, been that of the finest critic in existence—and this, we are sorry to say, Mr. GRISWOLD is *not*—there would still have been these inevitable discrepancies of opinion, to startle and to vex us, as now.

When we avow, therefore, that we differ with the compiler in much—in *very* much that he has advanced—this difference will not fail to be taken at the proper value of any unsupported and merely individual opinion. As such, it is little worth. Very sincerely, however, we do believe, that, as a general rule, he has not given us, in his selections, the best compositions of the poets respectively mentioned. As a matter of less importance—he has placed in his Appendix some two or three whom he should have placed in the body of the book. He has placed in the body of the book some three or four whom he should have placed in the Appendix. He has omitted altogether some four or five whom we should have been tempted to introduce. On the

other hand, he has scarcely made amends by introducing some four or five dozen whom we should not have scrupled to treat with contempt. In several instances, he has rendered himself liable, we fear, to the charge of personal partiality—it is often so very difficult a thing to keep separate, in the mind's eye, our conceptions of the poetry of a friend, from our impressions of his good-fellowship. Indeed the task undertaken by Mr. GRISWOLD was one of exceeding difficulty, and he has performed it with much credit to himself. It demanded qualities, however, some of which he is too good-natured to possess. It demanded analytical ability—a distinct impression of the nature, the principles, and the aims of poetry—a thorough contempt for all prejudice at war with principle—a poetic sense of the poetic—sagacity in the detection and audacity in the exposure of demerit—in a word, talent and faith—the lofty honor which places mere courtesy beneath its feet—the boldness to praise an enemy and the more unusual courage to damn a friend. It will not do to say that his book is a judicious book; but, whatever be its faults, it is the best book of its class, and the only source whence any distinct or satisfactory knowledge of our poetical literature is to be obtained.

We might write much more on this subject, and might notice the American poets in detail, but postpone our remarks until another opportunity. This will be afforded very shortly, not only by the forthcoming publication, amended, of a seventh edition of Mr. GRISWOLD's book; but of another volume, from which we expect much. Perhaps, in the latter expectation, we may be disappointed.

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ART. XIII.—AZTHENE.

A SOUND melodious shook the breeze  
 When thy beloved name was heard;  
 Such was the music in the word,  
 Its dainty rhythm the pulses stirred;  
 But passed, forever, joys like these.  
 There is no joy, no light, no day;  
 But black despair, and night alway,  
 And thickening gloom—  
 And this AZTHENE, is my doom.

“  
 Was it for this, for weary years,  
 I strove among the sons of men,  
 And by the magic of my pen—  
 Just sorcery—walked the lion's den  
 Of slander, void of tears and fears—  
 And all for thee? For thee!—alas,  
 As is the image on a glass,  
 So baseless seems,  
 AZTHENE, all my early dreams.

## ART. XIV.—TOBACCO AND DR. COX. (a)

A MOST ponderous old fool was King JAMES the First, of ENGLAND, and the sage old gentleman, wrote a book against tobacco, in which he cursed the Virginia weed, in all possible combinations of anathematical words. The Reverend BENJAMIN J. LANE, king of some congregation of believers, somewhere in the down-east, has followed the royal precedent, and written a book also, in which he curses the same offensive luxury, north, north-northeast, northeast-by-north, northeast, and so on, through all points of the clerical compass. He proves that the expressed oil of tobacco is a poison, second only to cyanohydric acid; that the weed, taken internally, is certain death to the wight who swallows; that snuffing turns the nose into a dust-hole, chewing the mouth into a gutter, and that smoking is a special invention of the dusky gentleman, who wears a long tail and dwells under ground, according to all authentic chronicles. He demonstrates without the aid of NAPIER and his logarithms, that the bowl of a pipe is a half-grown HELL, wherein a little imp is continually toasting his toes, and that the smoke thereby raised, has been specially borrowed, for that occasion, from the pit, whose bottom has long since fallen out. Now all these premises are indisputable. Indeed, every assertion is an axiom; and we only wonder why Mr. LANE has taken the trouble of proving the self-proved—unless it be to show what a very smart man Mr. LANE is, and how he can roast that unfortunate fallen angel, BEELZEBUB, *alias* APOLLYON, *alias* ABADDON, *alias* MOLOCH, *alias* SATAN, *alias* BAAL, *alias* BELIAL, *alias* SHITAN, *alias* ARIMANES, *alias* old NICK, *alias* auld CLOOTIE, *alias* auld HORNIE, *alias* der TEUFEL, *alias* le DIABLE, *alias* el DIABOLO, *alias* il DIAVOLO, *alias* SATANOUS, *alias* DIABOLUS, *alias* LUCIFER, *alias* DIABLA, *alias* the DEVIL. Yet, after all, the book is a very good book, and should be read and heeded, and all that kind of thing; and should be bought by every fun-lover, if only for the sake of the introductory part, written by the Rev. SAMUEL HANSON COX, who is a D. D., and a fiddle d. d., to boot.

Dr. Cox goes to work, after a very old, and once exploded fashion. He picks out a patron in that very fussy old gentleman, Mr. ADAMS, and proceeds to beplaster him with very fulsome adulation. In so doing, he succeeds in creating thirty-four pages, whose quality can only be expressed by the word—"nasty." He commences as follows:—

"TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, L.L.D.,

THE SENIOR EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND  
THE PATRIARCH OF THE WHOLE NATION."

Think of that, ye ragged republicans! "The *Right* honorable

(a) The Mysteries of Tobacco. By the Rev. Benjamin J. Lane; with an Introductory Letter, addressed to the Hon. John Quincy Adams, L.L.D., by the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New-York. New-York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway, 1845. 12mo. pp. 185.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, L.L.D.," Earl of BRAINTREE. Who says we shall not have titles here? Marry, come up! "*Patriarch* of the whole nation," also! Marry, get down! A *right* honorable to the world, a *patriarch* to the whole nation, and, as the next line hath it, "an Honored and Dear sir," to Dr. Cox. Then the learned divine goes on to say, that the opinions of his friend, my lord of BRAINTREE, "will be quoted with great deference by the generations that are to come after us, in this great and incomparable republic." *Us*—mark you—that is Dr. Cox and Mr. ADAMS—*Arcades ambo*. Then Dr. Cox says, farther:—

"—When you disappear from the land of the living, as there will be no other specimen of the sort remaining on the stage of time, so, for that reason, as well as for other and nobler ones, will a grateful and admiring posterity respect all you said, wrote and did——"

with all of which we agree, of course—especially admitting, that, when Mr. ADAMS dies, or as Dr. Cox has it, "disappears from the land of the living," "there will be no other specimen of the sort remaining." We admit this, only wondering that Dr. Cox, who does not like the "player-folk," should use the word "stage," even metaphorically. We admit that posterity will respect the famous bargain and sale with Mr. H. CLAY; the antics and freaks of Mr. ADAMS, in and out of Congress; Mr. ADAMS's openly expressed desire for an early civil war in this country; his learned letter on the annexation of TEXAS, wherein he declares its consummation will have dissolved the Union; his Panama scheme; his sky light-houses; his mad attacks on what he calls "the veto-power;" and all the froth, folly and fustian that has dripped from his lips for years. Posterity will respect this as soon as they will admire Dr. Cox's letter—and about the same time.

Dr. Cox seems to have a very strange idea of a gentleman. He defines, or rather pretends to define the word, after the following fashion:—

"Its etymology is rather heathenish. It is *gens* in Latin, *γενος* in Greek, and in Hebrew, a synonyme of more opprobrium. Gentilism is from the same root, and means—Heathenism. A respectable heathen, then, is a gentleman."

To prove this, he quotes, admiringly, the following anecdote:—

"When Gouverneur Morris returned from his foreign embassy in Paris, it is said, he was considered the most accomplished illustration of the term among our countrymen. *Factus ad unguem*, a person of polished and consummate behavior, and of truly polite and refined address, he deserved honors for patriotism and intelligence not alone, but for manners also. On occasion of a public dinner given him by some select persons of Philadelphia, it is stated, that the Reverend Doctor —, of the Pusey sympathy, was a guest. This academical personage felt the power of Mr. Morris, and breathed the same atmosphere, not without restraint, in his presence. He was eminently addicted to the smoking mania—which Morris, with elegant consistency, disdained. The Doctor sat patient and attentive near him; and through all the well-cooked courses and dainties, he was sparing and abstemious, waiting—for a cigar. All that series of various excellence, preceding his favorite luxury, he valued only as a tolerably tedious turnpike road to the pleasures of fumation. Presently, some fine yellow Spaniards were served—when the Doctor, recovering his spirits, reached prompt and far to secure one, not unobserved by Mr. Morris. The consciously awkward action occasioned a mutual glance, when the following dialogue ensued, to the no small interest of the arrested circle.

"Do Gentlemen smoke in France, Mr. Morris?"



"Gentlemen, Doctor, smoke—nowhere.

"What, sir? Oh! pardon—hope I don't offend, sir.

"Oh! no. It takes all sorts to make a world. *Gentleman*, in Paris, means something, Doctor. Smoke, then, if you choose; we have old clothes on. I was not, however, aware of your habit.

"The reproof was felt by more than the Doctor. The cigars were not patronized.

"And it ought to be immortalized in story, as equally well done, well deserved, and well to be remembered. The classical, theological, feast-haunting, theatre-going, card-playing, Reverend GENTLEMAN, of the apostolical succession, via Rome, was roasted, if not smoked in turn, very unexpectedly, and in a way admonitory to GENTLEMEN. It minished, and almost annihilated him. His dinner of smoke was spoiled, nor did he soon recover from the shock. He was not wont afterward, when fuming and stenching the atmosphere, so often to exclaim in his devotions, through the ascending coils of the fetid vapor—

"For antidote against all care,  
Give me, ye gods, a good cigar."

Now, we may be wrong in our views; we may be very naughty in daring to differ from a D.D.; but, we think, if Mr. MORRIS *did* behave as specified, he acted the part of a rude blackguard, and should have been kicked out of the room. The story is probably a base libel upon the memory of GOUVERNEUR MORRIS—and one that should be resented by his kindred. At all events, if Dr. Cox thinks such conduct to be that of a gentleman, and is inclined to emulate it, we would advise him to keep his nose soaped. Some rough fellow, having no respect for "the cloth," might damage its structure, otherwise. The meaning attached, in this country, where it is not a term of social rank, to the word "gentleman," is very simple. It means—a courteous man—nothing more. The Mr. MORRIS of the story, does not come within the definition.

The style of Dr. Cox is certainly very peculiar. It is bombastic, turgid, coarse, tautological and obscure. To prove this, we have only to quote a few passages at random.

"Even street-smoking, which was once considered too ignoble and execrable a practice for any well-bred man to perpetrate, is becoming as fashionable as almost any other folly of the times—not even the vast bustles, or 'bishops,' of strange and monstrous 'succession'—retrocession—on the other sex, excepted."

"What is the fact to the eye of *calm and considerate observation*? Look at the ways of revelry and voluptuous insatiation in our thronged cities. *Look at our theatre-goers, our ball-frequenter, our gambling-house loafers*; and mark all the *tributary rills of influence that come to a fearful confluence in the great ocean of profligacy and perdition*—and say, if *the dirty vice of tobacco-mongering*, in all its forms, degrees, and stages, of dishonor, is not congenial, powerful, and even essential, in the formidable result, as well as the stealthy process. The genius of tobacco is properly bacchanalian, sensual, and deleterious to all the dignity of man, in low life of savages and boors not only."

"For this letter, Mr. Adams, I thank you with all my heart, not only as an individual, but on behalf of the country, posterity, and the human race. In such feats as these, the statesman, and the patriot, and the philanthropist, are identified, making an unostentatious, but most useful EXEGE MONUMENTUM JERE PERENNIIUS, which shades and dishonors the proud pretensions of the warrior, the demagogue, and the hero, of battles, victories, and envied applause. I consider it the fitting index, epitome, and eulogium too, of Mr. Lane's popular and useful work, now forthcoming, "harnessed in order serviceable," and intending a grand reform in the usages of our American society. I view it as a gem for the nation, that will not fail to be extensively appreciated, widely beneficent, and frequently quoted, especially by the wise, ALTERI SEculo, as an oracle, plurimum in parvo, against this insidious and hypocritical ravager, this dirty depredator, on the interests and the hopes of improved society in our noble Republic. And as to health, you have touched the very point! the stomach and the nerves are its proximate victims. The stomach, that wondrous labora-

tory of all the pabulum of life, that central, and primary, and all-controlling organ of our wonderfully compounded being in this world, first "gives signs of wo;" and then the nerves, the glands with their secretions, the muscles and functions of the entire system, respond to the shock, and reel under its deleterious power; according to that grand apothegm of the medical schools, so worthy and so true, *ventriculo languida amnia languent*; when the stomach is disordered, the total system droops in sympathetic weakness. Yes! the mind included—and I believe that, when tobacco makes the morbid languor, the moral powers are debilitated, their sense blunted, the very conscience injured and corrosive, as the consequence.

"I rejoice, Mr. Adams, that you are now set **IN ALTO RELIEVO** before the world, as a witness, and an example, and a protester, against this treacherous damager; while the mild and hortatory manner of the national patriarch, is too paternal and too potential to receive anything less than universal approbation, from the intelligent and the good of our countrymen. It will, however, be quoted on the other side of the Atlantic, and the exemplary protestation of the old man eloquent, the ex-President of the United States, will be remembered and felt, in the argumentation of millions, who never heard of King James' **COUNTERBLAST AGAINST TOBACCO**, and who, had they read it through, would still prefer the wisdom of the republican sage to that of the pedantic and prerogative-affecting monarch."

These may be and probably are

"—orient pearls at random strung;"

but, if the book of Mr. LANE, were without such a queer prefix as Dr. Cox's letter, it would be likely to do more good. As it is, the power of its philippic is somewhat lowered by the introduction, and few who read the latter, will care about encountering that which follows.

#### ART. XV.—THE DOINGS OF THE HALES.

**JOHN P. HALE**, and his wife and wife's mother,

All went to the Congress one day together.

On the Texas question they all turned tail—

"I'll be shot, if I go it," said **JOHN P. HALE**.

"

**JOHN P. HALE**, and his wife and wife's mother,

When the bill had been past were in trouble and bother;

They were very repentant for having turned tail;

"But I'll humbug the people," said **JOHN P. HALE**.

"

**JOHN P. HALE**, and his wife and wife's mother,

Came home to **NEW HAMPSHIRE** in wrath together.

"I'll give 'em a touch of my power, without fail;

I'll run on my *own* hook," said **JOHN P. HALE**.

"

**JOHN P. HALE**, and his wife and wife's mother,

They ran, on a ticket, for three times together—

Three times in attempting, these three chanced to fail—

"'Tis astonishing, truly," said **JOHN P. HALE**.

"

**JOHN P. HALE**, and his wife and wife's mother,

Will be sent, by the people, a packing together;

The union of whigs with the traitors will fail,

"But I'll trouble the party—" says **JOHN P. HALE**.

## ART. XVI.—DEATH! DEATH!!

**T**HE superstition of the Banshee, peculiar to IRELAND, has, nevertheless, its parallel in other countries. In many of the German states, in HUNGARY and in FRANCE, many noble families, have retained unearthly spirits, whose very agreeable office it is, to howl and gibber around the dwelling, when any of the members are about to die. The Irish Banshee, however, appears to have no peculiar legendary cause of its office, and the services of its sort are general to all old Milesian families. When its kindred spirits attach themselves to any noble family abroad, there is always some reason for their pleasant preference. Such, especially, was the case in the instance we are about to relate—an instance which will demonstrate, practically, that mortals should never marry with any lady not absolutely earth-born.

In the year of our Lord, 1245, there lived, at BAYEUX, a knight who was protected by a fairy. In whatever enterprise he might engage, whether of love or chivalry, he was always victorious, through the assistance of his protector. He had not, to be sure, seen her; having only heard her voice when she warned or directed him. To this he became so accustomed, that he undertook nothing without her advice, which was given whenever he requested it. Although many of the neighboring nobles desired to be allied to him, through a marriage with their daughters, he declined their overtures, and passed unharmed by the snares of the fair creatures who strove to entrap him. He avoided society, and by degrees excluded himself altogether from the world. A secret grief preyed on his spirit, and, though fearing it might be discovered, he could not muster courage enough to impart, to any one, the cause of his anxiety. He had fallen in love with his invisible guardian, and pined for fear he should never see her. He dared not confide his grief to her, for fear of giving offence; and at last did not call on her name—for he had no heart to undertake any enterprise which required her assistance. Near his castle was a thick, old forest, where he could be seen often, for hours together, sitting in deep meditation, or sometimes heard to sing snatches of some melancholy song.

Occasionally, after singing one of these sorrowful tunes, he thought he heard a sigh or plaintive call; but thought again that it might have been the wind murmuring through the leaves, or the dew-drops falling from the trees. On one occasion, when directing his steps to his favorite resort, he could distinctly see, leaning against a projecting rock, a female figure. She was of a moderate height and slenderly formed; her eyes were so brilliant as to dazzle his own; her dress was woven of the filmy threads that float on the air in the evenings of summer; her shoulders were covered with embroidery of a thousand different colors, mixed with precious gems; and a scarf of rainbow-hues was wound around her waist. Her feet were shod with sandals, which glimmered like a cascade in the moonlight. On her head was a tiara of the rarest gems; and her hair, was of an auburn color, and so fine that the lightest zephyr set the tresses in

motion. As he looked, she sung to him, in an incomparably sweet voice—

“ I can wander o’er earth, when the happy spring traces  
The lines of her beauty on beautiful places ;  
I can float in the moonbeams at noon of the night ;  
I can bathe my slight form in the yellow starlight ;  
I can drink the perfume of the blossoming flowers ;  
I can lie in the lily-cup safe from the showers ;  
Wherever is beauty or grace I can be ;  
I can soar in the air, I can sail on the sea—  
But lost is my pleasure, if parted from thee.

“  
“ I can climb to the summits of loftiest mountains,  
And trace out the sources of song-singing fountains ;  
I can spy where the gnomes dig the bright, yellow ore ;  
I can gather the shells on the sea-beaten shore ;  
I can sing the sweet notes which the nightingale trilled ;  
I can sip of the blossoms with honey-drops filled ;  
Wherever is gladness or bliss I can be ;  
I can float in the clouds, I can dive in the sea—  
But lost is my pleasure, if parted from thee.”

Excited at the vision, and the sweet strains he heard, the noble endeavored to prostrate himself at her feet ; but at the attempt she vanished. He was not long in despair at her mysterious disappearance ; for, presently, he heard a female voice exclaim—

“ Thou hast heard my confession. If I am dear to thee, call my name. I will appear, and thou mayest conduct me home as thy bride ; but, with one condition. Never pronounce the word ‘ death,’ in my hearing ; else I must leave thee instantly, and forever.”

The noble spared neither promise nor entreaty ; and his neighbors were astonished when he introduced to them a lovely stranger as his wife. At first, they were inclined to treat her with contempt, and envy made her many enemies ; but when her dowry arrived, consisting of laden wagons, mules and horses, in a file so long as to reach two miles outside of the castle walls, they began at once to perceive her extraordinary merit. But their tokens of respect made no impression upon the lady. She devoted her whole time and attention to the happiness of her husband, who was supremely blest in her love, and in the fulfilment of every wish he uttered.

In the midst of this felicity, a tournament was announced at BA-YEUX, and in it the bravest knights of BRETAGNE and NORMANDY were expected to take part. The Sire d’ARGOUGE—such was the name of our knight—determined to contend in honor of his lady. But the latter remained in her chamber ; and contrary to custom, requested her lord not to disturb her, as she would join him as soon as prepared. The truth is—she had worked a scarf, which, if tied around his waist, would render him invincible in the passage of arms ; and she waited for a favorable moment to complete the charm. A milk-white palfrey was ready at the door, the suite were mounted, and her husband stood, by his horse, with his hand on the



saddle; but the lady tarried. The Sire called to her, whenever she appeared at the window, and prayed her to come down; but she heeded him not. At last he could not master his impatience any longer, and cried out:—

“For the love of the saints, dear lady, come down. Truly, so long has one to wait for thee, that thou wouldst be a good courier to send for death.”

Hardly had he pronounced these words, when he remembered the condition. A cold shudder ran through his frame, and with awful forebodings, he looked up to the tower. His beloved wife was there, but only for a moment. An instant—and the bars of the window were rent; the sky darkened; sounds as of the flapping of innumerable wings, mingled with shrieks and laughter filled the air; and a stroke of terrible thunder shook the firm earth. When these passed off, the lady had gone; but over the principal entrance of the castle the deep impression of an enormous hand was distinctly visible. The next night, and long after, the lost lady wandered around the castle continually crying: “Death! death!” But no one saw her again. If they looked from whence the voice came, they caught a glimpse of a shadowy form through which the stars glimmered. Immediately, it passed elsewhere.

The Sire d'ARGOUGE became very despondent, and all good fortune abandoned him. He neglected his castles, his vassals and himself; and passed his whole time bewailing his unfortunate impatience, beside the spot where he had first seen his fairy-bride. A neighboring baron, rapacious and cruel, resolved to take advantage of the noble's despair, to rob him of his possessions. He equipped his vassals, and sought the Sire d'ARGOUGE in the forest. But the protection of the fairy was not withdrawn, and she warned the knight of his danger. The baron, though of gigantic dimensions and great strength, was repelled with a power that astonished him, and, after a desperate combat, was slain. The Sire lived several years after, but never married again; and when he died, his possessions fell to a younger brother. Since then the fairy is only seen near the castle, when a member of the family is dying. Then, in the calm night, her voice is heard passing from turret to turret, and away until lost in the distance, shrieking out the terrible words—“Death! death!”

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#### O. M. COLEMAN'S "EOLIAN ATTACHMENT."

POMPEY SABLE, coal-vender, has made, in his lattice,  
A hole, air-diffusing, though in it his hat is.  
POMP is waggish, no doubt, for with motion disdainful—  
A friend, thinking loss of a pane must be painful,  
Having asked what the hole with its queer-looking patch meant—  
He replied—"O! 'em COALMAN's eolian attachment."

## ART. XVII.—ON THE PENALTY OF DEATH.

WE cannot, by any silence of ours, endorse all the reasons, for their desired action, of those who advocate the abrogation of the death-penalty. So far as they denounce the punishment of death, as disgusting, useless, impolitic and actually mischievous, they have our hearty assent, as well as our untiring co-operation, in effecting its abrogation. We agree as to action, we disagree as to inducement. We arrive at the same result, but by a different means. Some have been borne to a conclusion, through a belief in the inviolability of human life—others, because they suppose the death-penalty to be at variance with the holy precepts of the Christian religion. Those are not the means through which we have set our judgement against putting criminals to death under the forms of law. If such were our opinions, we should hold them to be of sufficient weight, to induce us to urge the abrogation of the offensive law. They are not our opinions, however, and we believe them to be fallacious.

We hold, distinctly and unequivocally, that human life is not inviolable when the necessity of the state requires its violation. The supremacy of the law, upon which the safety of every regulated state, under favor of God, depends, is the first of public, as self-preservation is the first of private considerations. The state has as undoubted a right to take life to save its life, as one of its citizens has to preserve his own. The law, which is a collection of mandates, delivered by the sovereignty of a state to its citizens or subjects, is made, or assumed to be made, for the benefit of all. The law is the life of the state. It makes the nerves and blood, as the form of government makes the ligaments, and the people the bones and muscles of the corporation. To be just it should be universal in its results, as well as in its commands. No one who violates it, should escape its penalties. If to preserve it from infraction, to cause it to be feared or respected, it be necessary that a hecatomb of victims should be slain, let them be offered up at the altar of the country's good, and every true citizen will approve of the sacrifice. Weighed against public necessity, life is not only violable; but is, in mere value, a chimera—a vague, chaotic mass of trifles—next to nothing.

Nor do we conceive that anything in the Christian code of religious laws forbids the state to deprive any of its members of life, no more than it enjoins the death-penalty. We find that the great lawgiver on divers occasions expressed his respect for the law established—simply since it was the law; but we find no interference with legislative penalties in his code. The whole question is a matter of state policy—neither more nor less. As such we consider it; as such we treat it; and, as such, should we discuss and examine it, in a country whose government, recognising religion in the abstract, tolerates all beliefs, and prefers none.

The law to take human life, as a penalty for certain crimes, exists in the various states, and under the general government of the American confederacy. Now, the government of each state, as well as that of the nation, is the result of express contracts—the former be-

tween the citizens of each state, and the latter between the states themselves. The terms of these various contracts—the considerations of which are protection to person, property and expression of opinion—are written out in sheets called constitutions. The people have reserved to themselves the right, after the form by themselves established, to supplant any laws hitherto enacted; to alter, amend or even abolish these constitutions; or to re-create everything anew, if they think proper. We desire the people to exercise a portion of their power through their representatives, and to abolish a penalty which we deem to be disgusting, generative of evil and useless to deter from crime. We do not seek to change a law. The mandate, "Thou shalt not kill," we sustain with our whole heart and soul. We merely wish to change the penalty for one more terrible—because more certain—one, under which some kind of atonement can be made for the incorrect judgement of man. We urge it as a reform; and as we desire to change a part of state policy, we acknowledge our duty to state with clearness and candour, the causes which impel our demand.

It is not necessary to state in detail the disgusting nature of the ceremonies which attend the consummation of the death-penalty. All men know that a hanging-day, if in public, is a kind of public festival, to which men go as they would to a theatre, without those feelings of awe and respect which it should excite. The scenes which take place there are familiar to many not visitors. Without dwelling on the awful blasphemy of the priest, who assumes to have cleansed a soul of its corruption, or of the fact that almost every dying felon declares himself an heir of God, until the gallows seems the readiest stepping-stone to the joys of heaven—the sneers, jeers and laughter of the multitude—the thefts in the crowd—and the quarrelling and blasphemy of many around are enough to prevent public punishment—and the bearing of the criminal, who seems, on such occasions, to consider himself a kind of hero, to show how useless it is, in one respect at least. And that these things are understood and appreciated, is shown by the fact that executions are now, generally, private. But if private executions lack a part of these scenes, and do not generate an unseemly and dangerous callousness to blood-shedding in so many people, they are more ineffective from the uncertainty in the public mind, as to whether the criminal was punished, or escaped through collusion of those within. The case of COLT is a case in point, and there are thousands who believe to this day, that the whole tale of his having committed suicide, was an artful device, beneath whose cover he was borne off to a place of safety. Numbers yet believe JOHN C. COLT to be a living man.

The most prominent objection to the death-penalty is the uncertainty which attends the punishment of crime, under its influence. No punishment can be terrible unless certain. We hold this to be an axiom, or at least a proposition, whose demonstration presents itself at a glance. There is a natural dislike to take life, prevalent in the community; and this, which, if confined in proper channels, is praiseworthy, is often led by its own excess, into improper sympathy with the criminal's danger. Thus it is that laws of blood defeat their

own ends. There are many avenues to escape from the vengeance of the outraged law. No man who commits murder expects to be detected, unless acting under ungovernable passions, or unless he is an irresponsible maniac. Arrested, he expects to be acquitted through a lack of evidence, or a criminally charitable feeling on the part of the jurors. Then, after conviction, he confidently or desperately believes he will be reprieved. Even upon the gallows—so vivacious is hope—he awaits the remission of his penalty. And very often are his hopes and wishes gratified. If detected, conviction often fails, though guilt be certain. And, after conviction, the executive insults the majesty of the law, by the interposition of his kingly prerogative. All these avenues of escape are known to the criminal, and their existence defeats the terror of the penalty.

The most weighty, though not so prominent objection, against the punishment of death, is the injustice and inequality of its action. One man, through lack of friends or money, or the inability of himself and friends to perpetrate the necessary fraud, is hanged. Another, more fortunate in resources, is reprieved. This favoritism is contrary to the spirit of our constitutions, and the end of our laws. Punishment not only fails to be universal, but forms only an exception to the general exemption. This consideration is of itself startling; but inasmuch as it may be prevented by an abolition of the pardoning power, may be met. But, if we execute all without exception, as human judgment is not infallible, and as positive and circumstantial evidence may both lie, innocent men may be slain. Before such an event humanity retreats in horror, and proclaims it better that many criminals escape than one guiltless should suffer. Once hanged, there is no redress. We cannot rob Death of his victim, nor recall the unjustly killed from the shelter of the sepulchre. No recompense can be made for the obliquy of the halter to the family of the dead.

Even when certain, the death-penalty fails of its effect. In ENGLAND, where noblemen and men of wealth have been hanged, and where there appears to be a rigorous impartiality in the administration of punishment after conviction, we find the amount of crime, *ceteris paribus*, to diminish, with the relaxation of severity in the criminal code. The case of TUSCANY may be cited, in aid of the happy effects of a milder and more certain punishment.

Desiring to abrogate one penalty, it is necessary that we should suggest a substitute, and this we do in imprisonment for life—in the terrors of the gloomy cell, where the mind of the criminal, preserved from insanity by abundance of physical employment, shall have leisure to reflect on the enormity of his crime against society and God. To make this certain, we would take from the hands of the executive authority, the power to abrogate penalties. The pardoning power is one of the most objectionable relics of a feudal system. It savors too much of absolutism, to accord with our constitution or the spirit of our laws. Nor would we shut out from the wrongfully condemned all power of redress. As a jury convicted and a judge sentenced, so should a jury acquit and a judge remit. When the friends of a criminal find evidence to disprove the guilt of which he is convicted, when the real assassin is detected, let them demand a new trial, and



let the expense, if he be acquitted, fall on the people. If no such circumstances arise, and he be really innocent, without power to make it known, he must bear his fate in silence, and be regarded as a necessary victim to the necessity of the state.

This much for all. So long as this penalty of blood, is part of the supreme law of the commonwealth, we are ready to yield it obedience. To save the life of any man, justly convicted under its provisions, we would not move one step. On the contrary, if with us rested the decision, all men justly convicted should die, so long as the law is death. The penalty must be universal in its execution. To relieve one and choke another, both equally concluded in guilt, is to sap the foundation of law, make equity a farce, and stab in a vital part the body of the commonwealth. The law is as wrong as it is bloody, therefore yield to our demands for its abrogation; but while it does exist, let there be no cruel preference shown, and let each felon be the victim. This may seem cruel, but it is the cruelty of justice. It is severity to individuals, but it is kindness to the state.

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ART. XVIII.—THE ESTRANGED.

**Y**OU freely gave the fond caress,  
 And spoke of love with lying tongue—  
 You trifled with an honest heart,  
 Too long, my lady fair and young;  
 For even power like yours must fail  
 If to its utmost daily used;  
 And now, forever, spurns your chain  
 The spirit you have so abused—  
 Yea! spurns your chain, and you as well—  
 Foul owner of a form so fair—  
 Go, wed with whom and where you will,  
 I care no more with whom or where.

“  
 You deemed my heart was made to bear  
 The phases of your dark deceit,  
 Yet take, unmoved, alternately  
 Cold treatment and caresses sweet.  
 And these it bore—but never more  
 The one shall grieve, the other please;  
 So far as you may serve as shrine,  
 I rise forever from my knees.  
 I stand erect, but not alone;  
 Yet lives the one I left for thee—  
 Sweet ivy round the withered oak—  
 Yet faithful to the faithless she.

## ART. XIX.—MR. POLK'S FIRST MESSAGE.

**I**N order to comment upon the first Message of Mr. President POLK to the Congress, we delayed the publication of this number, until the present time. We expected the Message to be one of vast importance, or we would not have detained our issue so long beyond the usual time; nor are we disappointed in our expectations. We expected an able, manly and dignified document; and in that respect, the Message has transcended even our hopes. We have read it through with intense gratification, not only of its style, tone and temper, alike admirable, but since its views and positions are so thoroughly coincident with our own. Mr. POLK, while thoroughly true to the principles laid down by the Convention which nominated him, sinks the partizan in the Executive officer, and views all points of policy as a chief-magistrate of the whole people. No part of the opposite party, unless abandoned of all honorable feeling, or a prey to the most disgusting party virulence, can fail to approve of the tenor and substance of this able state document.

Passing over the view it takes of our relations with MEXICO, in which Mr. POLK demonstrates that our forbearance under repeated injuries has been most exemplary in the generosity of its nature, we seize upon the topic of most immediate interest. We have now the fact officially promulgated that the offer of the 49<sup>o</sup> as a boundary line has been offered to the Queen of GREAT BRITAIN and refused. This is the point of division suggested by the whigs; and as it is not satisfactory to our old enemy, we hope their friends are satisfied with the government, in having acceded to their request. We hope also, that since the government, foiled in efforts at compromise, has fallen back on our righteous claim to the whole region in discussion, they will be found in the proper position of American citizens, ready to assist in maintaining the national honor. By the action of the accredited agent of the British Government, matters have assumed a crisis. The Court of ST. JAMES must either recede from the position they have assumed, or both parties in the dispute must take up arms. There is no further compromise with us. We have offered for the sake of peace to surrender a portion of our territory. This offer has been rejected. Unless we wish to invite for the long future the hand of the spoiler, we can make no farther concession. Our diplomatic triumph or a fierce war are the only alternatives which remain.

Of our right to the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, up to the fifty-fourth degree and fortieth minute of north latitude we have no doubt; and the British Government, if it have examined the question at all, is of the same opinion with ourselves. The claim set up on the part of GREAT BRITAIN is monstrous in its absurdity. It is based upon baseless assumptions, and endeavors to assume strength by the most impudent falsehood. We own the country, beyond doubt, by cession and discovery. It is ours from FRANCE and SPAIN, and it is ours by exploration. We have a triple title, and one which cannot be shaken, even by the chicanery of the most knavish nation in existence. Let us sum up the points made in the case.

In consequence of the treaty of **UTRECHT**, concluded in 1713, the boundary between the possessions of his Christian Majesty and his Britannic Majesty was designated by a line of demarcation, commencing at  $58^{\circ} 30'$  on the Atlantic coast, running thence southwestwardly to latitude  $49^{\circ}$  north from the equator, and along that line, westward. By the treaty of **VERSAILLES**, concluded in 1763, the line between the British and French possessions, is drawn along the middle of the **MISSISSIPPI**, from its source to the River **IBERVILLE**, &c.

The line of demarcation between this country and **GREAT BRITAIN** as fixed by the peace of 1783—runs from the **LAKE OF THE WOODS** due west to the **MISSISSIPPI** River.

**FRANCE** therefore was recognized to own the territory west of the **MISSISSIPPI**, and south of the 49th parallel. All the French territory west of the **MISSISSIPPI** was ceded to us, as **LOUISIANA**, by **FRANCE**. **GREAT BRITAIN**, estopped by her own treaties, can of course claim nothing south of the 49th parallel, except it be unjustly.

That the Spaniards first discovered and took possession of the western coast is undoubted. Not only is the historical evidence clear on that point; but the names of the points and places, are nearly all Spanish, on every map of note. The Straits of **FUCA**, for instance, in latitude  $48^{\circ}$ , were discovered by de **FUCA**, in 1592; and **FERELLO** sailed to the  $42^{\circ}$  and  $43^{\circ}$ , in 1578, six years anterior to the pretended voyage of the English freebooter, **DRAKE**. The first visitor north of  $48^{\circ}$ , was **JUAN PEREZ**, commanding an expedition fitted out by **SPAIN**. He went to the  $54^{\circ}$ . At  $49\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  he discovered and named **SAN LORENZO**, which **COOK**, four years after, named **King George's Sound**—afterwards **NOOTKA**. In one of the notes to **COOK**'s we have the following:—

“Similar to the behavior of the natives of **Nootka**, on this occasion, was that of another tribe of Indians farther north, in latitude  $57^{\circ} 18'$  to the Spaniards, who had preceded Captain **Cook** only three years in a voyage to explore the coast of America, north of California.”

In 1775, another expedition sailed from **SPAIN**. **HECETA**, who commanded it, discovered **SAN ROQUE**, now **Cape DISAPPOINTMENT**, and thus for the first time was the mouth of **COLUMBIA** River discovered by any one from a land of civilization. A vessel attached to this expedition sailed as far north as  $57^{\circ}$ , and took possession of, and named, **Port REMEDIOS**.

By treaty with **SPAIN** all her territory north of  $42^{\circ}$  was ceded to us.

By treaty with **RUSSIA** all south of  $54^{\circ} 40'$  was ceded to us.

We claim by the known fact of having explored the **COLUMBIA** River, which according to recognized international law, gives us a right to the territory it waters. It was afterwards actually settled by **ASTOR** and his company, thus perfecting the title.

To crown all, the British, who took **Fort GEORGE** from us during the war of 1815, surrendered it to us, at the close, under that clause of the treaty, providing for the return of places taken during the war, thus proving that we had perfected our title to all that country by actual possession prior to the war.

Such are a few of the prominent points from which a clear title can unquestionably be deduced for the United States. The country in dispute is highly valuable—not only for its rich resources and its

mild and equable climate; but, because its possession will afford us an expeditious overland communication with CHINA. The Message of Mr. POLK, asserting our right to this valuable territory, is warmly approved of, and will be sustained by the whole American people.

Leaving this matter, on which we expect, for the honor of the nation, a speedy action, by Congress, we come to the next topic of interest discussed in the Message—namely, the interference of European powers, in the affairs of this continent. Here the President assumes the ground of Mr. MONROE, and here he will be sustained, heart and soul, by the people. The principle that the nations of EUROPE shall not bring their intrigues upon the soil of NORTH AMERICA, is a settled part of the policy of our government, and had the annexation of TEXAS failed through these intrigues, it would have been good ground for a war.

The views on the Tariff, presented by the President are so clear and striking, and withal so just and forcible, that we shall make them the basis of a paper in our next.

With a lower rate of duties on imports, the establishment of an Independent Treasury is very properly recommended; and further, that all Executive control of it, be removed by law, except what is necessary to pay out the money legally appropriated. To all this, we believe, the public mind will respond affirmatively. There is no subject which has been more misrepresented than the desire of the Democratic party to sunder all connection between the government money and banking corporations. But a measure so just and necessary cannot, any longer, be prevented by falsehood and fraud.

The recommendation to lower the minimum of the Public Lands deserves particular notice of all parties; and so does that for the increase of the Naval force. Our navy is, in point of size, contemptible, when we consider the extent of our commercial interests, and the vastness of our population. Upon a well-regulated naval force success in war, and often the continuance of peace, depends.

We regret to find that the Post-office Department exceeds its receipts in its expenditures. Yet, public opinion will not permit Congress to retrograde in the affair of cheap postage. Without altering the rates there are many reforms which will aid the revenue. And one thing must be done. The franking privilege should be totally abolished. Not that we would burthen public officers, with postage incurred in the discharge of official duties, but let the postage of members of Congress, the President and other officers, be charged to their several departments, and money appropriated for that purpose be paid over to the Post-office. We shall then know the real state of the case. The actual receipts and expenditures will be developed. Each department will pay its own expenses; and the Post-office Department will not bear unjust odium.

The remaining points of the message are, comparatively unimportant, with the exception of that referring to the Attorney General, which should, by all means, be complied with.

The message has taken all parties by surprise. Even the opposition admit that Mr. POLK is, in mental constitution, of a higher grade than they had supposed—though there they lie—for they could not be blind to the high powers he displayed as the Chairman of the Commit-



of Ways and Means in Congress. Our own friends, while they expected the Message to be able and manly, did not expect the transcendantly dexterous ability with which our foreign relations have been managed. The affair with MEXICO was a masterpiece of armed diplomacy; and in the matter of OREGON, the British Government have been placed completely at fault. With the great mass of the people, the Message is vastly popular, and is considered, with justice, a masterly state document.

Henceforward the way of the Young Democracy is smooth. By the phrase—Young Democracy—we do not mean any clique; but the young, fresh-hearted workers in the cause—men not grown old in antiquated doctrines, though some may be old in years—men who have not fattened for long years off the public spoils—men who prefer a sound policy in the administration of the government to their own aggrandizement, and the honor and glory of their country over everything else. These must prosper. They are a part of the nation's growing greatness—they form the prominent element in her progress—their doctrines are just—favoring neither demagogues, on the one hand, nor usurpers, on the other. They find in JAMES K. POLK a worthy leader—one, sincere, honest and firm—open to honorable counsel, but deaf to fraudulent suggestion—prone to embrace the right, but inflexibly opposed to the wrong. Whatever errors he may have committed in the selection of office-holders—and we presume he has committed some, as no man's judgement is infallible—are as nothing to them. His policy is right—he is true to his honor and his country—and in supporting him, they support a course of governmental action, most consonant with our institutions, and best calculated to promote the welfare of the entire people.

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ART. XX.—TOBACCO AND THE GODS.

**T**HE Grecians of old when for pleasure they sought,  
To the prowess of wine bowed their senses like beasts;  
But despising such folly, in moments of thought,  
Threw it by, and brought women to gladden their feasts.

Had they dwelt in our time, oh! what rapture was theirs—  
New life would have entered each two-legged clod;  
Tobacco a shrine would have owned, where the prayers  
Of believers would daily have gone to the god.

Their poets would never bold BACCHUS have made  
A distiller of wine-juice, no matter how ripe;  
But have learned him at once the tobacconist's trade,  
And have given to each god and each goddess, a pipe.

Long flourish tobacco! Its fumes shall ascend  
To the skies in the morning, at noon and at even;  
The smoke with the atmosphere round us shall blend,  
And the smoker shall deem him translated to heaven.

## ART. XXI.—OUR BOOK-SHELVES.

THE book-trade have been busy with new issues since our last. Some of the books published have been of much importance. There is less of re-prints, and more of translations and American works, than usual.

WILEY and PUTNAM continue their Library of Choice Reading with spirit. The following are their last issues :

No. 27.—“Twins and Heart,” by MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER. Two tales of deep and almost absorbing interest ; although the incidents are rather common-place and the plots simple. Mr. TUPPER narrates directly and thoroughly, and therein is his best recommendation. He commences to tell his story, and keeps his end in view, throughout. He is beginning to excite attention on both sides of the Atlantic ; but has not, by any means, arrived at the zenith of his popularity.

28. “HAZLITT’S Lectures on the Comic Writers.” These are marked by taste and humor ; but rarely rise into power. The extracts are forcibly made. The book is a very good thing to dawdle over ; and with that, warm slippers, a loose dressing-gown and easy chair—to say nothing of a good conscience—one can find considerable enjoyment.

29 and 30. “LAMB’S specimens of English Dramatic Poets.” A delightful book to lazy readers. All the beautiful passages of the dear old poets are culled out, and presented without trouble, with LAMB’S good-natured comments. Among other curious things, this book contains, is a passage from the “Witch,” a tragi-comedy, by THOMAS MIDDLETON, published anterior to the production of MACBETH, in which there is much similarity to the incantations in the latter.

31 and 32. “Proverbial Philosophy,” by MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER. This book has been the subject of much note—some noise having been raised about a ridiculous *imprimatur* of the author, and the critics having agreed, tacitly, to praise it, without stint. Not being blest with such powers of perception, as most critics, we can discover nothing in it, but rewritten proverbs, most of them musty and fusty ; and occasionally, tolerably bad grammar, with a great deal of nonsense. We cannot, for the life of us, understand why each line commences with a capital letter, against the acknowledged rules of the language. Perhaps it is a freak of the printer ; perhaps, a part of the author’s plan to make his book notorious. *C’est égale*.

33. “The Vicar of Wakefield,” by GOLDSMITH. Comment and commendation are alike superfluous concerning this well-known work. We have just read it, for the twenty-eighth time, and intend to read it—no calamity preventing—once every year, so long as we live.

34 and 35. “Lord MAHON’S Life of Condé.” Perhaps no man can be considered more extraordinary as a soldier, than LOUIS DE BOURBON ; and none who with greater talents, made more absurd use of them. A slave to a thousand ill qualities, with few virtues ; a tyrannical husband, and a thoroughly bad man ; he possessed a mind,

which, if relieved from the influence of passion, would have enabled him to wield the destiny of FRANCE. The wily MAZARIN, who could well take advantage of his weakness, overcame him by suffering him to yield to his own passions; and the great soldier, but little man, died without power or influence. The life and times of CONDE afforded stirring incident, and deserved a faithful and independent chronicler. Lord MAHON was the very man for the purpose, and he has succeeded in presenting to the world, a work interesting to the student and invaluable to the man of letters. It is precisely one of those books which are indispensable parts of every library, no matter how small the collection may be.

38. "HAZLITT'S Lectures on the English Poets." The remarks we have applied to Hazlitt's other works will as well apply to this volume.

The same publishers continue their "Library of American Books." Their two last, are as follows:—

No. 7. "Western Clearings, by MARY CLAVERS" (Mrs. KIRKLAND). A collection of amusing sketches of western life, marked by humor, fidelity and good nature. No one who has passed any time in the new country of the west, can fail to appreciate the rich fun of these dashes at society and character. The "Land-fever" and "The Ball at Thram's Huddle," are especially droll. Mrs. KIRKLAND writes with more power than two-thirds of our writers, and has the most unquestionable ability. We doubt, however, if she be capable of writing a novel. Her forte is the light and easy sketch.

8. "The Raven and other Poems, by EDGAR A. POE." Quite a controversy is being carried on, at the present time, between the critics, concerning the merits of Mr. POE, as a poet. It appears that Mr. POE was invited to deliver a poem before the Boston Lyceum, on the same evening during which Mr. CALEB CUSHING was to deliver an address. The poet, dilatory as he usually is, neglected until too late to write anything original for the occasion; and, in order to test the judgement of the Bostonians, who, to trust their words, are judges of everything, he recited a poem of his, which had been written and published at the age of ten. As a psychological curiosity, the poem was very wonderful, but as a poem, it is such as a juvenile production might have been expected to be. It took very well with the audience, who, deny it if they dare, applauded most furiously. That same night, over a bottle of Madeira, the poet let out the secret; and BOSTON—that is, the transcendental donkies who call themselves BOSTON—has been in a ferment ever since. "Strait jackets wouldn't howld 'em, for the rage they were in, when they found themselves diddled." They began to abuse POE, who spoke back; and, dirt began to fly lustily from both parties. That Mr. POE was wrong in performing such a trick, we assert without hesitation; but the less the *clique* in Boston say about critical judgement, the better. According to their own story, they invited a poet, whom they now assert has no claims to the title, to deliver a poem before the best of their *literati*. Why, they should now take such uncommon pains to prove themselves donkies, we cannot, for the life of us, conceive.

The book opens with "The Raven," a peculiar and extraordinary

production. It is an evident attempt to evolve interest from a common-place incident, and by means of the mechanism of verse, to throw beauty around a simple narration, while the very borders of the ludicrous are visited. So far, it is successful in the highest degree. The reader is interested and borne away in spite of himself, by what, on a cool examination, appears to be nothing. The peculiar arrangement of the lines and metre, is not original with Mr. POE, the same thing being found—with the exception of the repetition, in meaning, of half of the last line of each stanza—in Miss BARRETT's book. On this repetition, however, much of the poem's effect depends.

"The Raven" commences with a simple narration, rather inclined to the ludicrous. The poet is seated, upon a dreary midnight, poring over an old volume, when he hears a faint tapping at his chamber door. This he supposes to be some visiter, and he distinctly remembers it, because

" — it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor"—

and he was immersed in sorrow, through the loss of his loved LENORE. The rustling of the silken curtains, the hour, the memory of the dead, and the otherwise stillness, filled his heart with a vague terror. So he stood, and repeated, in order to quiet his own alarm, that it was some late visiter entreating entrance. After a minute, his heart grew stronger, and opening the door, he entreated pardon of the unseen visiter, for the detention—alleging that he was napping, and the tapping was so light that he was scarcely sure that he heard it. But there was no reply, and no one was to be seen; he peered into the darkness,

" But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token"—

and the whispered word "LENORE!" was murmured back by the echo. Turning into the chamber, he heard another tapping, somewhat louder, and going to his lattice, flung open the shutter. In stalked an old raven, who perched on a bust of PALLAS, over the chamber door. Amused by its strange and grave appearance, the poet jocularly inquired its name, and the raven answered—"Nevermore." The poet marvelled at this apparently meaningless answer; but the bird answered nothing else, and sat in quiet. To a mournful anticipation of the poet, that the bird would leave him, as other friends had, the bird replied with the same word, and the poet began to believe that the bird's apparently only stock of language had been caught from some unhappy master, whom disaster had followed, until that word had become the only burthen of his song. Again smiling at the quaint manner of the bird, he sat himself down in an easy chair, and began guessing the meaning—if meaning there was—in that he heard. From this point out, let the poet tell his own story:—

" This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,  
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore!



"Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!  
Quaff, oh! quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!'

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

"'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!'

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

"'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.'

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

"'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked, upstarting—  
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

"And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamp light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

That much of the effect depends upon the mode of construction, and the peculiar arrangement of words and incidents, there can be no doubt; but, the power to conceive and execute the effect, betokens the highest genius. We hold a poem to be of high merit, which can effect our mind as "The Raven" did, and does; and that the common-place has been raised from its degradation by a master-hand, is sufficient to place Mr. POE in a high rank. It requires more power to raise a demon to heaven, than to drag an angel down to hell.

Of the other poems, in the first part, there are some inserted for no other purpose, than we can conceive, than to fill up the book. The commencement of "The Sleeper," is one of the finest pictures of sleepy calm, in the language. For instance—

"I stand beneath the mystic moon.  
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,  
Exhales from out her golden rim,  
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,  
Upon the quiet mountain top,  
Steals drowsily and musically,  
Into the universal valley.  
The rosemary nods upon the grave;  
The lily lolls upon the wave;  
Wrapping the fog about its breast,  
The ruin moulders into rest;  
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake  
A conscious slumber seems to take,  
And would not, for the world, awake."

"The Coliseum," written at an early age, has force—and contains well-managed apostrophe and antithesis. The close is unsatisfactory and incomplete. "Lenore" is musical and melancholy—it tells a tale without seeming to attempt narration. "Israfel," is a very pretty specimen of fiddle-de-dee. "Dream-land," "The City in the sea," "The Haunted Palace," and "The Conqueror Worm," are well managed allegories—the first and last, especially fine. The scenes from "Politian," are not of any great account. They are very well in their way—and their way, is not remarkable. The Sonnet to "Zante" is beautiful. So much for the first part of the work.

The second portion of the volume is the reprint of a volume published by Mr. POE, at an incredibly early age; and as far as we understand it, is re-published, to discredit one of the foreign reviewers, who charged Mr. POE with being an imitator of TENNYSON. The charge was ridiculous—the poets being unlike; and Mr. POE had better let that sleep. As a curiosity—as we said before—the poem is well enough—nothing more. It is in most respects puerile, and so deeply transcendental that no one can tell what it is all about. Yet it is wonderful that a mere child could have written such lines as the following—and we are satisfied, as true as it is wonderful.

"Of molten stars their pavement, such as fall  
Thro' the ebon air, besilvering the pall  
Of their own dissolution, while they die—  
Adorning then the dwellings of the sky.  
*A dome, by linked light from Heaven let down,*  
Sat gently on these columns as a crown—  
A window of one circular diamond, there,  
Look'd out above into the purple air,  
And rays from God shot down that meteor chain  
And hallow'd all the beauty twice again,  
*Save when, between th' Empyrean and that ring,*  
*Some eager spirit flapp'd his dusky wing."*

But these, and several other forcible lines, by no means compensate for doses of such stuff as the following, which is given *ad nauseam*, through the poem:

"Oh! nothing earthly save the ray  
(Thrown back from flowers) of beauty's eye,  
As in those gardens where the day  
Springs from the gems of Circassy"—

and so on, and so on.

Yet, throwing these things aside, and taking the first part of the volume, as a fair selection from the poet's writings, we cannot help pronouncing Mr. POE, the first poet of his school—a school peculiar, in some measure to himself—in this country. As such we admire him, and look with wonder on his productions; yet they have little power over our spirit. The sensations we feel in reading his poems are more those of admiration than sympathy. We feel *at*, rather than *with* him; if that expression will convey our sentiments, with sufficient clearness. They are not fitted for every mood. It is only in the dim twilight, or by the dim light of a flickering candle, about to die in its socket, that they should be read. Then—we can even *feel* them—can sympathise with the lover for his lost LENORE—can wonder with

him at the unearthly beauty of the sleeper—contemplate in awe the wonders of the ruined Coliseum—wander

“By a route obscure and lonely,  
 Haunted by ill angels only,  
 Where an Eidolon, named Night,  
 On a black throne reigns upright ;”

contemplate the

“(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)”

in the city in the sea ; behold with awe the “haunted palace” of the human mind ; or thrill to see a play of hopes and fears, in a theatre, where

“Mimes in the form of God on high,  
 Mutter and mumble low,  
 And hither and thither fly—  
 Mere puppets they, who come and go  
 At bidding of vast formless things  
 That shift the scenery to and fro,  
 Flapping from out their Condor wings  
 Invisible Wo!”

But we cannot take him up, at all seasons, with satisfaction. He is the poet of the idler, the scholar and dreamer. He has nothing to do with every day life. He is of the ether, ethereal. He is not like BRYANT, calm and coldly correct ; nor WHITTIER, fiery and turgid ; nor like WILLIS, passionate and *a la mode* ; nor like HALLECK, nervous and imitative. He is neither the poet of out-door nature ; nor the poet of every day humanity. He is the poet of the ideal ; and sings to his own soul, having no care to sing to the souls around him.

The same publishers issue a “Foreign Library,” in the same style as the works of their other “library” editions, except in the color of the covers. The selection of works for this series, thus far, has been very fortunate.

Nos. 1 and 2.—“Benvenuto Cellini. Translated by ROSCOE.” The memoirs of the slayer of the BOURBON read more like a romance than a biography ; but there can be no doubt of their authenticity, which has been well established. CELLINI was a man of great genius—and of this he was fully aware. His work is droll, romantic, pathetic and lofty by turns ; and he developes continually, the most amusing self-esteem.

3 and 4.—“The Rhine, by VICTOR HUGO.” A very correct and spirited rendering of a very interesting, and in most points, able book, though thoroughly French in its character and style. The legends with which it is interspersed render it charming. It is a museum of travel, wherein all the rare things picked up by the road-side are to be seen.

5. “Father Ripa’s Residence at Peking. Translated by F. PRANDI.” The thirst for knowledge of the Celestial people, will in some measure be assuaged by this book, which gives particulars that late ambassadors had no chance to observe.

Among other works by WILEY & PUTNAM, we have a treatise on the “Oath,” by D. X. JUNKIN, A. M. It displays much learning and

great industry, and winds up with infamous abuse of the Catholics. It also recommends that the present mode of administering the oath in our courts should be abolished, as it is Popish and idolatrous.

HARPER & BROTHERS have been busy, but chiefly in works of a serial character. Of these are the following:—

“Morse’s Cereographic Maps.” A valuable publication, as well as a cheap one. We hope to see it introduced into general use.

Their illustrated Bible has reached No. 43. We have before praised this, and have nothing new to add in the way of commendation.

“Cosmos,” by HUMBOLDT, is also in progress of publication.

They are also issuing “The Wandering Jew,” with numberless illustrations of the most spirited kind. This edition will unquestionably, if its desert be properly rewarded, meet with the most distinguished success. We have examined it, as far as published, with the greatest delight.

Their edition of VERPLANCK’S Shakspeare, also profusely and elegantly illustrated, has reached its seventieth number. This may be set down as a fit companion—in the way of illustration, we mean—with their edition of “The Wandering Jew.”

They have published several new novels,—two by MARY HOWITT—and continue their “Miscellany,” with spirit.

D. APPLETON & SON have issued a translation by CARY, of the works of DANTE—a splendid edition, admirably illustrated. They are also engaged in issuing serial works, so far judiciously selected, in imitation of Wiley & Putnam’s. They have also re-printed HANNAH MOORE’S Practical Piety, THOS. MOORE’S Irish Melodies, and CARLYLE’S Schiller.

PAINE & BURGESS have published “Autobiography of Alfieri,” translated by C. HOWARD LESTER—and “The Artist, Merchant and Statesman,” by the same. The latter is an admirable book. The remarks on the consular system deserve the early and favorable consideration of the national authorities. They have also issued “Trippings in Authorland,” by FANNY FORRESTER, a sprightly and readable volume—and “Americanism, an address by CORNELIUS MATTHEWS.” This last is very able—and opens with some clever and humorous paragraphs, over which we enjoyed ourselves considerably.

SAXTON & KELT are engaged in publishing a “Library of Select Literature,” also in imitation of Wiley & Putnam’s. The only volume we have seen, is Professor WILSON’S “Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.” The best book ever written by its author.

BURGESS & STRINGER go on with their excellent re-publication of “The London Lancet.” We commend it to the notice of the medical profession, as an indispensable part of the library of the lecturer and general practitioner.

CAREY & HART, of PHILADELPHIA, have published—

“The Diadem, for 1846.” This is the very best annual yet issued on this side of the water. Its literary contents are superior to annual writings, in general; and the engravings are well executed, from masterly designs by INMAN, LEUTZE, and others.